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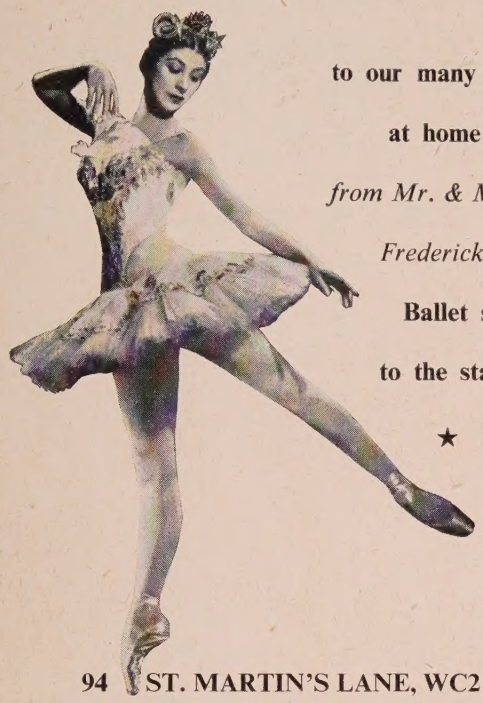

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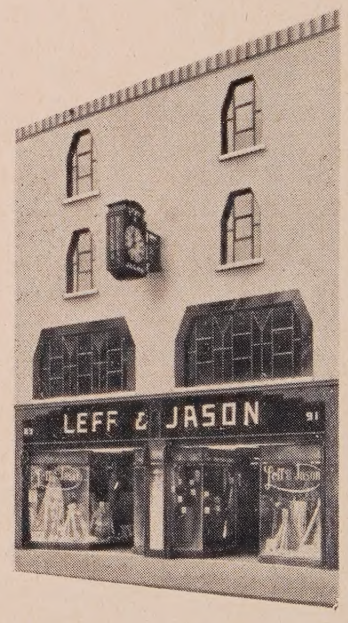

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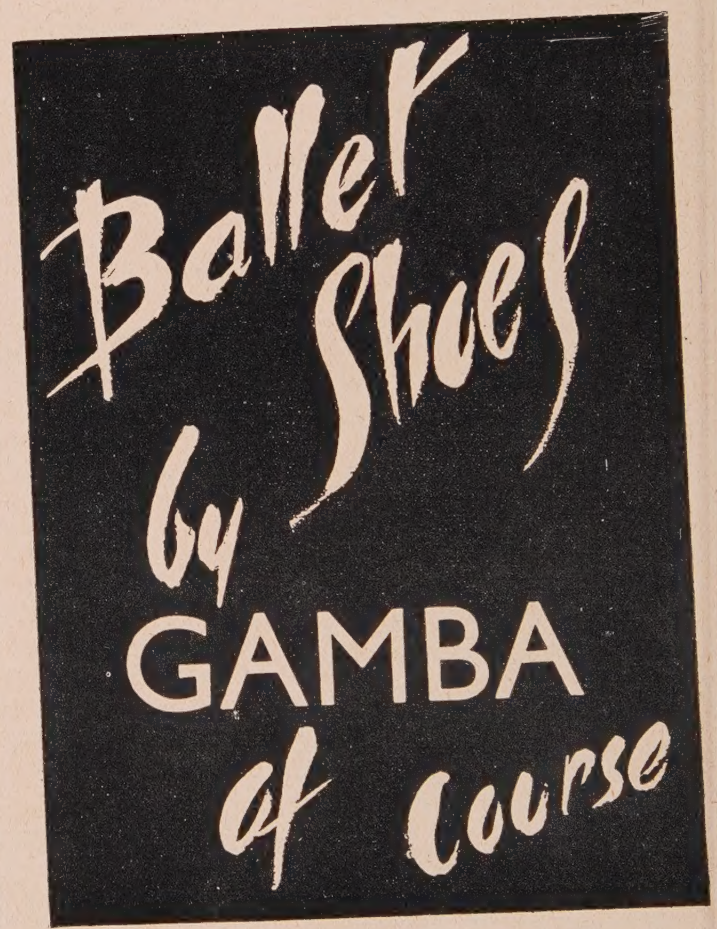

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December 1952 Vol. 3 No. 12

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES DAVID RAHER
WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

CREDITS AND DISCREDITS OF 1952

" Dance and Dancers " New Year Honours: Frederick Ashton for *Sylvia*. Dame Ninette de Valois for paying no heed to carping critics and continuing on the straight course she always intended to take. Festival Ballet for finding a way to use Festival Hall and for keeping their name up to date. John Cranko for a summer interlude at Henley-on-Thames. The girls of New York City Ballet about whom nobody could find fault. Ballet Workshop for making so many important discoveries, in particular Michael Charnley. Svetlana Beriosova for making *Coppelia* live. The Royal Danish Ballet for having kept *Coppelia* alive. The male dancers of England who continue to improve almost hourly. Margot Fonteyn for not resting on one of her laurels by continuing to add further lustre to each of her roles, particularly Giselle.

Mistakes of the year: The revival of Balanchine's *Card Game* (which earned the distinction of getting hardly one curtain-call at a Covent Garden matinee). The Markova-Dolin film of *Giselle*. Massine's *Donald of the Burthens*. The designs by Tom Lingwood for *Concerto Grosso en Ballet* which made a not very good ballet seem even worse. Two performances of ballet organised by the International Faculty of Arts. The London season of Ballet Legat (the company was not ready to face up to the London critics).

Minor mistakes of the year: Festival Ballet's revival of *Scheherazade*. Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet's revival of *Summer Interlude*. Sadler's Wells Ballet's revival of *The Three Cornered Hat*, and their attempt at making a divertissement of the last act of *Sleeping Beauty* (for their tour only, but why should the provinces suffer?).

Come back again soon: Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées. Renée Jeanmaire and Roland Petit. Ballet Theatre. Jean Babilée. The Yugoslav National Dancers. Pilar Lopez and her company. Tamara Karsavina and her mime lectures.

Don't come back again for some time: Danzas Latino America. Etienne Decroux and company of French mime.

Expect a hearty welcome when you come: The Royal Danish Ballet. Galina Ulanova and any major Soviet company.

Don't expect a hearty welcome: Australian National Ballet.

Kiss and make it up Dept.: Markova and Dolin. Rosario and Antonio.

Not good enough Dept.: Ballets Nègres. *Never a Word*, the first all-mime revue (should have been rechristened *Never a Word Understood*). Any further attempts to revive ballets from the Diaghilev repertoire.

Names we have missed: Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann.

Names we should have preferred to miss: Original Ballet Russe. Caravana Espanola.

Name we shall miss in 1953: The magazine *Ballet*.

Books we were glad to read: *The Ballet called Swan Lake* by Cyril Beaumont. *Child of the Ballet* by Odette Joyeux. The return of *Borzoi* by Igor Schwezoff and of *Dance and Drama in Bali* by Beryl de Zoete.

Books which should not have happened: *In Praise of Ballet* by Grace Clarke. *Antonio* by Cyril Beaumont. *The Last Years of Nijinsky* by Romola Nijinsky. *An Intruder at the Ballet* by Monk Gibbon. And some of the photograph albums which continue to appear.

For upholding the dignity of the ballet press: *The Dancing Times.*
For not upholding the dignity of the ballet press:* * * * * * *

Clowns (sublime) of the year: Marcel Marceau. Charlie Chaplin. Stanley Holden. Pamela May (in *Bonne Bouche*). Jo, Jac and Joni at the Palladium.

Clowns (absurd) of the year: Tyrone Guthrie, Alan Dent and Gilbert Harding.

The most boring controversy of the year: Balanchine and neo-classicism. What is wrong with Sadler's Wells Ballet?

Nevertheless, the Editor and staff of DANCE AND DANCERS wish all readers wherever they may be, either friend or foe, a really happy Christmas and may success attend all their occasions in the year to come.

DANCE AND DANCERS is published monthly on the 25th month preceding, and obtainable of all newsagents, bookstalls, ballet shoe shops and music shops, by giving a firm order or by postal subscription. Post free terms: One year 20/-. half year 10/-; (Abroad: sterling or by International Money Order) Single copies: 1/8 post free.
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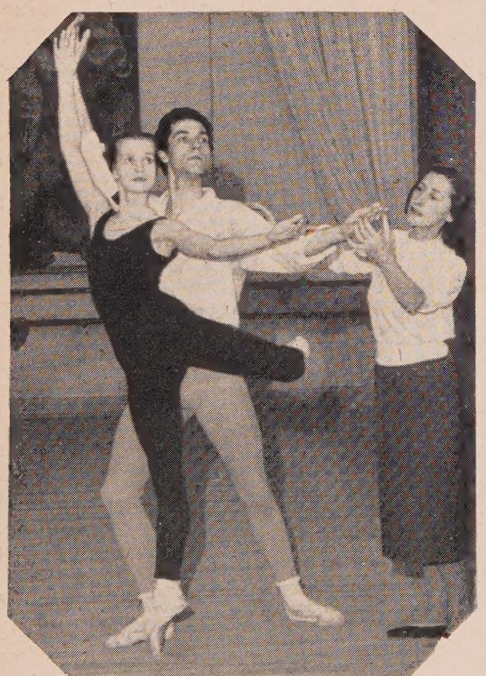
G. B. L. WILSON'S SCRAPBOOK

G. B. L. Wilson is an engineer, not a professional photographer. In a non-professional capacity he has been photographing dancers and ballet for many years. He holds a position almost unique in that he has taken more intimate photographs of the dance world than any other photographer. His great knowledge of the ballet has caused these pictures to have an interest even greater than many a posed studio photograph in that they record for posterity the life of the dancer as well as his or her performance.

As well as taking photographs, G. B. L. Wilson is associate editor of *The Ballet Annual*, a member of the Grand Council of the Royal Academy of Dancing and Chairman of the Association of Ballet Clubs.

He has chosen these photographs, from his vast collection, because of the pleasant personal associations they have for him.

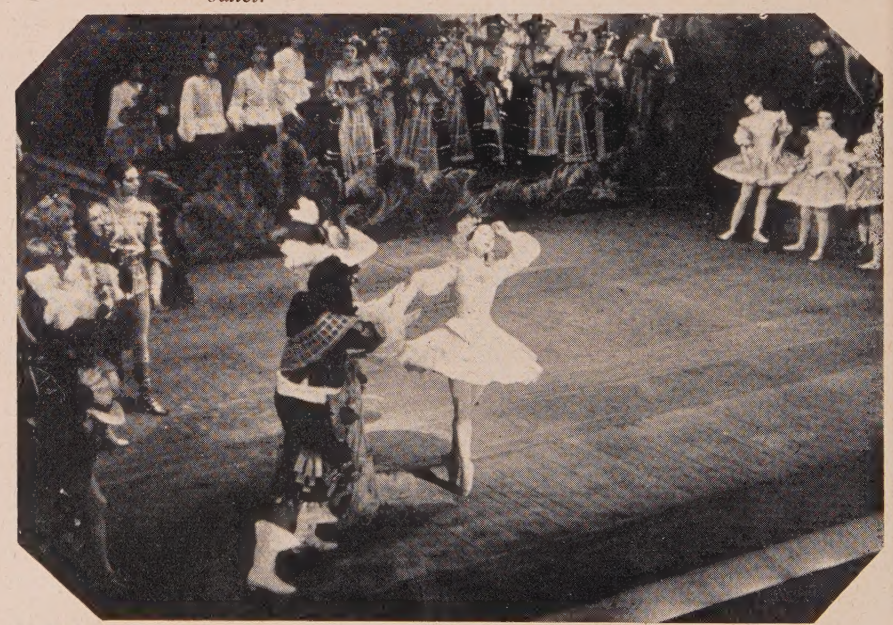
Dames ADELINE GENEE and NINETTE DE VALOIS at a Hoop-la during a fête at Fairfield Lodge for the Royal Academy of Dancing of which they are President and Vice-President.



VERA VOLKOVA putting the finishing touches to FRANK SHAUFUSS and KIRSTEN SIMMONSEN of the Royal Danish Ballet. I feel this photograph catches something of the genius of the great teacher, now unfortunately lost to us, who is adding another distinguished page to the history of the Copenhagen ballet.

TOUMANOVA at her best—showing her beautiful profile, limbs and extension. Her partner at this rehearsal (for The Legend of Joseph) *is Perugini. I took this photograph at La Scala, Milan, during the season when Volkova was in charge of the ballet and Beriosoff the* maitre de ballet.

IRINA BARONOVA. One of the idols of my youth, I never met her or photographed her until she had given up dancing. Here she is, her beautiful face in repose. Now married with two children, she lives in London, still as beautiful, but, alas, rarely seen at the ballet.



Nobody can dance this 'head swimming' scene in Act I of Sleeping Beauty *like MARGOT FONTEYN. I took this photograph at the dress rehearsal before the great re-opening of Covent Garden after the war. It was on this occasion that Lydia Lopokova said "Lofely" in a voice which rang through the theatre when Fonteyn was awakened by a kiss. Many of the costumes will be seen to be incomplete.*

RENEE JEANMAIRE and ROLAND PETIT. The impact Jeanmaire made on London will never be forgotten. Her mercurial temperament, brilliant smile followed by a flood of tears and then a peal of laughter, were known to all who met her. I asked Petit what he was thinking about when I took this picture. He replied, "What a wonderful Carmen *Jeanmaire will make."*

JOSETTE CLAVIER of the Paris Opéra. This was taken when the dancers of that company came to televise in London. Before taking them to the studio we took them to the National Gallery and St. Paul's and to buy some coffee. I like this photograph so much that I made it my Christmas card last year.

LYCETTE DARSONVAL, reigning Queen of the Paris Opéra. The photograph taken at her flat shows her holding the castanets of her great predecessor, Rosita Mauri.

TOVE LEACH, INGE SAND, KIRSTEN RALOV, MARGRETHE SCHANNE and MONA VANGSAA in the climax of Napoli. *There are a thousand reasons for going to see the ballet in Copenhagen and this is one of them. The Bournonville training gives the dancers unbelievable elevation, best seen at this moment. The five leading dancers of the company come bounding down stage together, jumping as high as the shoulders of the crowd.*

The first ballet photograph I ever took—the fourteen year old BERYL GREY at Cambridge. At the time I had only just discovered her name.

MARGOT FONTEYN and ROBERT HELPMANN in Giselle *Act II at the New Theatre. For me, Fonteyn's Giselle is the greatest, and this particular performance moved me more than recent ones at Covent Garden. There always existed a great sympathy between these two particular artists. The last girl in the* corps *is Beryl Grey, who had been told to watch this performance as she would soon be dancing the rôle. Moira Shearer is five places in front of her.*

MADAME—WE BOW

By Agnes de Mille

Agnes de Mille is known all over the world as a choreographer (Rodeo, Fall River Legend, Oklahoma and Brigadoon), *as a dancer (in her own ballets and character sketches) and as autobiographer*—Dance to the Piper (*Hamish Hamilton,* 18*s.*). *Before the war she worked in England and got to know Marie Rambert and her dancers so well that she has been able to describe them vividly in her book. Last month we reproduced the first instalment from her chapter on Rambert, here concluded.*

AS a pupil of Dalcroze she had been hired by Diaghilev to help Nijinsky count out the *Sacre* music. It was while at work on this project that she learned ballet technique under Cecchetti. She married Ashley Dukes during World War I and immediately started her classes.

She was very small with jet-black hair, smouldering dark eyes set in a little sharp face, a fine forehead and a mobile, vulnerable mouth that was held in a tension of artificial politeness against the world. When she was not laughing too shrilly or talking too quickly she looked as though she were about to scream. Sometimes she did scream. She has been known to roll on the floor, throw chairs and cry out with intolerable anguish of her baulked hopes. And when the agony had passed she looked as though she had made a truce with God that might rupture at any moment.

Her true genius lay in perception and stimulus. Somehow most unhappily she mismanaged matters. She had not the iron trap-like intention to force success. There were confusions. There were distractions of rage or love. There were quarrels. Matters never marched straight ahead. Every so often she would remember in the middle of a class or a conversation some cruel bottomless disappointment and she would reach out and break whomever she was with. Antony, being possessed of the inner durability of genius, learned quietly to step aside in a kind of mental ju-jitsu and let her fall against her own fury. Ashton escaped. The rest were cowed on odd days, recalcitrant on even. But Hugh shouted back, not always with reason. Being young and male and without scruples when angry, he usually did her down. These bouts were not pretty to hear, but Hugh would emerge from them as from a Turkish bath, refreshed and exhilarated. "That wicked woman"—Mim could be heard scuttling and muttering behind the partitions as she made her way to a cup of tea and Ashley. "That dreadful, dreadful wicked woman," he would say with shining eyes as though each phrase were oxygen to his fainting lungs. All she had done was give him a sound beginning in dance technique and prepared him to be the great instrument for choreography. "How can you talk to a woman like that?" I exclaimed. "Don't you ever talk to me like that or you'll be sorry."

Sometimes, Mim merited a scolding. She behaved on occasion outrageously. She has been known to walk down the theatre aisle and say to paid customers, "I would like to sit next to Lady Oxford, do you mind moving to the back row?" And she moved them to their astonishment although they had held their tickets for weeks. She has turned cartwheels in Piccadilly Circus in broad daylight and right down Notting Hill High Street after a performance. She could, of course, at will conduct herself with distinction and elegance. She was a wit. If in any of the above I have suggested that Madame could not command English grammar, I shall not have been exact. She spoke brilliantly in several languages and her English was vivid. Many a columnist has made copy of her talk. But she had learned dancing in the Russo-Parisian dialect that was the studio jargon of all the Diaghilev generation, and the idiom stuck.

Above all, she was warm-hearted. She could be motherly-kind, if one were in trouble, darling, wise and loving. Her woman-to-woman talks were tender with experience. It was just one's good fortune she could not bear. That is, not every day, under her nose, in her own theatre, not if one achieved it independently, against her advice, free from control. Rambert, like most women, wanted to feel indispensable.

Mim has at last received some part of her due. The Ballet Rambert is known throughout the British Isles, on the Continent —even as far as Australia. The Queen attended her Gala. She is recognised as a cultural force.

Her hair is now white; her daughters are grown; she has seen many a boy and many a girl through dreadful times. When my husband, an officer in the American Army, went to call on her she was enchantingly gracious. But the old fires still burn. At the end of the war in '45 while I was at work on a picture in London, she shrieked denunciation over the phone for ruining her life's work. (I had engaged one of her principal male dancers for two weeks during his vacation and thereby worn him out and altered his perspective on money matters, she claimed.) "Mim," I yelled. "Stop shouting and listen to me. I am going to have a baby!"

"That's fine, Eggie. Splendid! But how could you do this to me? How could you as a woman knowing my lifelong struggle against incrrrredible odds?" So we parted. But there was a cable at the birth of my son, and when later my ballet, *Fall River Legend,* was performed at the 1950 Edinburgh Festival, Rambert, I am told, threw herself weeping into Nora Kaye's arms. She said lavish things about the work and she wrote me long and poignantly. "Forgive me, Aggie, dear, if I didn't think you had it in you—but I didn't."

She seemed a touch wistful about the unprecedented triumphs currently achieved by the Sadler's Wells and Ninette de Valois. "I also like beautiful legs and feet, but the Wells has the entire world to select from. I only get the rejects. But I remind myself that among the rejects were Frederick Ashton, Antony Tudor, Andrée Howard, and, I dare say, Aggie de Mille."

So we were indeed. It is to Rambert we owe our deepest bows. We make them with love.

Read next month's instalment of Agnes de Mille's *Dance to the Piper* in which she describes the American scene and the incidents leading up to the first performance of her ballet, *Rodeo.*

Dinner in Campden Hill

by PETER WILLIAMS

Marie Rambert today—a postscript to Agnes de Mille's chapter on the great lady of British ballet.

PUNCTUAL for once, I was greeted cordially by Ashley Dukes. Our relationship has always been thus since many years ago we had jolly verbal fracas in his own Mercury Theatre.

Ashley is the perfect host, starting dinner with oysters from my native Cornwall. I knew the taste of Port Navas oysters almost before I knew the taste of milk.

Rambert, now twice a grandmother, takes her grannydom seriously. She seems resigned to the fact that she will never get the money she needs for a large company. She knows, as we know, that she has done more than anybody, probably in the whole history of ballet, could have done. She has reason to want to sit back and concentrate on her grandchildren and the school.

We drink soup and Ashley's excellent wine and Rambert expands, though she eats less than a hungry London sparrow. "The future is difficult. Costs keep on rising. It is impossible to do the classics I would like."

"You see," she continues over the fish pie, "for me it has been impossible to have stars. Always I have potential stars but lack of money has prevented me from developing them. Other companies have done that."

Any resentment there ever may have been in this fact has now gone. I get the feeling that she is proud that all over the world are great stars who owe their very existence to her.

"So we have had to go along without stars but I have always aimed at the highest quality in dancing, production and general presentation. I have been, and still am, very severe—but I am pure."

"I had always hoped that Angela and David (her daughter and son-in-law) would take over the company but they have started on their own and are doing splendidly with their Ballet Workshop. That is where I shall get my new productions. So they will be helping me in this way."

"We badly need an assistant director and I am hoping that I have got Joyce Graeme to agree to do this. She is a fine artist and teacher and should be ideal."

I agree heartily with her as Joyce Graeme needs her place in English ballet.

"If this works, then I shall be able to remain with my children at the school and watch my grandchildren, Andrew and Timothy, grow."

It all makes a touching picture but somehow it does not quite fit. Rambert is a lady of the theatre and in the theatre she belongs. Concentrate on the young she certainly will, as she always has, but at the time the curtain rises on any performance of her company she will be there, if not in body then most certainly in spirit.

"You know Ashley is funny," she says as I leave. "I told him to go out tonight and have dinner at his club because you and I would talk all about ballet, and you know how he hates ballet. But no, he insisted on staying in to have dinner with you."

I feel this is the greatest compliment anyone has paid me for years. Thank you Ashley for the dinner, and thank you Rambert for what you have given us all in the past and for what I know you will give in the future. That baby-sitting act does not fool me; you will breathe ballet until your tiny body has no breath—then you will breathe celestial ballet.

ANTON DOLIN'S REFLECTIONS

Advent of Sylvia: new major company: American visitors: Markova and Beriosova

THE year 1952 will soon be over. Before 1953 opens up to envelop us in another year of dance and ballet in this great country of ours, for a few moments I choose to reflect upon the past months.

First in my opinion, and for once I don't think there will be many to disagree with me, is the major, the wonderful achievement of Frederick Ashton. He has added lustre and noblesse to the art of ballet. He has enriched the already great repertoire of Sadler's Wells. He has brought to life once again the ballet *Sylvia* and the music of Delibes. I doubt if it was ever better, or even nearly as well, played by a superb orchestra as on that memorable night—September 3—at Covent Garden Opera House under the direction of Robert Irving.

I was a privileged guest of Dame Ninette de Valois that night, having taken leave of Festival Ballet for a rare evening away from duty.

Can I, why shouldn't I, say that another reflection of the past year is the emergence of Festival Ballet as a major company. Those few, maybe more than few, who laboured under the idea that the company was to be nothing but a background for two star dancers and that without them it could not exist, have I hope realised the folly of their inexperienced thinking. Perhaps their wishful, even destructive, minds are always ready to damage what they have been unable to achieve.

I personally was sorry that Ballet Theatre, still America's number one company whatever you may read to the contrary, did not visit Europe. It is truly representative of American thought and tempo in ballet. If honours and medals were handed out in America for recognition of service to the arts, surely Lucia Chase deserves the highest.

We had instead the New York City Ballet. If ever a company deserved a name as its figure-head I feel this one does. For just as, in days gone by, Pavlova and her ballet were so strongly identified together, so in my humble opinion, New York City Ballet and the great George Balanchine are as one. His company is his trademark—steel-like points, perfect precision and a wonderful dedication to themselves and their master. Such are the splendid attributes of New York City Ballet.

Charnley's occasion

In a modest way Festival Ballet had its success in an "American way." The first performance of *Symphony for Fun* was quite an occasion for young Michael Charnley, who brought this amusing music of Don Gillis to life and movement. For two years I had wanted it to be realised as a ballet. Two English choreographers had turned it down. Third time was, indeed, lucky.

Of course it had a few harpies whose sense of fun is far removed from anything that smells sweet, is healthy or inhales a breath of fresh air into the theatre. I am sure the charming words of discredit of A. V. Coton, in my friend Anatole Chujoy's *American Dance News*, were written with the usual smell under his nose.

Still, the English are a healthy sport-loving people. More and more of them are becoming addicts to the arts. And they were there to cheer and watch some good clean unpretentious hold-your-girl-by-the-hand enjoyable dancing. No need to dive into Freud or spend hours at a psycho-analyst's to appreciate *Symphony for Fun*. So I say to the devil with you pretentious bores who sip your caviar through straws. Try and do one iota as well at anything except giving a party for your favourite dancer.

Triumphant return

After months with an injured foot, Alicia Markova's departure from Festival Ballet and her recent return to ballet as a guest artist with Ballet Theatre in New York must be recorded by me. Alicia Markova's return was a triumph, acclaimed by public and critics alike.

As the great Markova danced again, weaving her old and wonderful magic, a new star was arising. At least I think so. The boards of Covent Garden Opera House were her dancing field, the sky above her limit and the pinnacle to which she will climb. New magic came to our justly famed home of the Sadler's Wells Ballet—Svetlana Beriosova in *Coppelia* on September 27.

And now, let us not forget that we have in England a "cradle of the dance", a genius who has given so much to all—artists, choreographers, designers—who has now, and over the years, played a tremendous and important part in the history of English ballet—someone who deserves to be named with honour in the story of the dance and to whom I pay my few inadequate words of praise and affection—Marie Rambert.

To those of you who have been so loyal over years, to new found friends of the ballet and to others yet to come, I send happiness and health for Christmas and for the great and exciting year of 1953.

Festival Ballet in Les Sylphides *in the 500 year old theatre at Vincenza. Without the help of scenery other than the wonderful perspective scenery designed by Palladio, Fokine's masterpiece was even enriched in this new environment. The tour which Festival Ballet are making in Italy has been one of unparalleled success. In most towns they were sold out even before they arrived. Whenever possible they have been forced to give extra performances.*

After a performance at the Feniche Theatre in Venice the company were presented to the young Prince Egon von Furstenberg. From left to right are an attendant of the theatre, Noel Rossana, a girl friend of the Prince, Nathalie Leslie, Prince Egon and Belinda Wright. While Festival Ballet were in Venice they had magnificent parties given for them. They have been invited to appear at the Venice Festival next year.

Right and left: In the factory, from Modern Times. *Reproduced by courtesy of United Artists. Below: With the girls in* Sunnyside. *Reproduced by courtesy of Picture Show.*

He dances to everyday life

By PETER WILLIAMS

TO move or trip with rhythmical steps, figures and gestures, a rhythmical stepping to the measure of a tune—thus does the dictionary describe the Dance. The tune can be the human voice as with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt—surely the grandest *pas de deux* in the theatre of our time—or it can be everyday life. If this is the dance—and I do not believe that musical instruments are an essential accompaniment—then Charlie Chaplin is one of the great dancers of our century.

This true cockney, brought up in the noble tradition of the Music Hall, created a character which makes him a direct descendant of the Commedia dell' Arte. His walking-stick is as expressive as Harlequin's bat, his headgear of the type frequently associated with the underdog (Harlequin's was little different). Harlequin's original jacket (before it got stylised as we know it) was the patch-work garment of a beggar. What else is Chaplin's tattered coat?

In the days before films found their voice, every Chaplin film was virtually a ballet with himself as principal dancer. In some of them he danced in the generally accepted sense but it was in his ordinary movements that he showed such poetry of motion. His hands can express anything, his legs can be joyful, hopeful, sorrowful or resigned at will. What dancer of the modern so-called "expressive" school can do that, I ask?

After years of the talkies, Chaplin had at last to capitulate in using his voice to get his meaning across (he was first heard—singing—in *Modern Times*). Even so it was still his silent moments which were the most telling. How beautiful was his dance with the globe in *The Great Dictator*; what poetry in the simple act of plucking a rose in *Monsieur Verdoux*.

Now Charlie is back with us in *Limelight*, a sentimental saga of the Music Hall he knows so well. Gone is his universally-known uniform, though its first cousin appears on Charlie in his various acts on the halls. Yet it is still his expressive body which remains long after the rest is forgotten.

"I can be anything," he says to Claire Bloom. "I can be a Japanese Tree"—and he is. His grotesque dance with a violin, with Buster Keaton playing the piano, is a superb piece of clowning and also of ballet.

His name should stand high in the annals of the dance and no dancer can afford not to study his every movement.

How good Swan Lake could be

It is not always dancers or ballets themselves that make the major contribution to the art of ballet as a whole. Occasionally it is a designer, frequently a composer, occasionally the man who lights the stage—sometimes it is even a book.

EIGHT years ago, Cyril Beaumont published his *Ballet called Giselle* and there is not the slightest doubt that it provided the most important record of what is, after all, the greatest romantic classical ballet to survive. There may have been points upon which people did not agree in this volume but everything that was known about *Giselle* was set down between the covers of a book, compactly and clearly, both for reference and point of argument.

Now *The Ballet called Swan Lake* (C. W. Beaumont. 25/-) does much the same thing for a ballet which was a failure on its first production at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow in 1877. The difficulties in compiling such a volume must have been immense and the ten years that it has taken Mr. Beaumont to collect all this material seems a short time when the result is fully considered. To have got so much history from behind the Iron Curtain is a feat in itself.

One of the most interesting chapters to the connoisseur is the reproduction of the original Begichev-Geltser scenario for the Moscow production. It is curious that this scenario which has good continuity and sense of drama should have failed when the later Petipa scenario (for St. Petersburg), inferior in every way, should be the one used universally today. It explains why *Swan Lake* as we see it has always appeared to be an ill-constructed ballet. How right also are the designs of acts one and four (both reproduced) by Valts for this same production. If only today's designers would carefully consider them, what a different ballet it might be.

The real villain of the piece seems to have been Petipa who entrusted a single act to Ivanov, for a performance in St. Petersburg in memory of Tchaikovsky, because he was not anxious to be associated with a work which had previously been a failure. When Ivanov's single act proved such a success Petipa immediately wished to have his name attached to it. He started to re-shape the work according to the taste of the directorate of the Imperial Theatres. This was, incidentally, much the same directorate against which the followers of Fokine and Diaghilev later rebelled.

The consideration of scenarii is but a small part of Mr. Beaumont's book. He has delved into the various settings and costumes which have been used and various aspects of production and performances over the past 75 years. There is a simplified choreographic script of each of the three acts. There is, in fact, everything that anyone need know about the ballet.

If the volume is studied carefully by those concerned. I fail to see why we should continue to see the universally dreary productions (always excepting in the USSR) with which we are now regaled. The trouble is—do those concerned ever read books? Sometimes one has reason to wonder. **P.W.**

COVER STORY

This month's cover, by Roger Wood, is of Beryl Grey, John Field and the *corps de ballet* of Sadler's Wells in the last act of *Swan Lake*. We give it in honour of the new production of this ballet at Covent Garden, of Mr. Beaumont's book on the same subject and above all as a token of respect to the *corps de ballet* dancers of every company, without whose unfailing loyalty the art of ballet could not exist.

Prince Siegfried's Conflict

IS SWAN LAKE AN OEDIPUS TRIANGLE?

By A. P. PERRIN

WHEN Barbarossa (Rotbart), most powerful of mediaeval Emperors, was drowned on Crusade, there were many who believed that he never died but made his way back to the West intact. At worst he slept in a mountain cave, and when his great red beard had filled this cave, or circled the table at which he sat for a third time, Rotbart (Redbeard) would awake and bring the world to judgment. The Rotbart legend continued to haunt German history until modern times, a source of anxiety to credulous mountain villagers, and of literary "copy" to the more educated. In 1848, Richard Wagner, bored with democracy, sketched a drama, *Friedrich der Rotbart*.

In their scenario which was to evoke "Germany in the fabulous time of the legends," the authors of *Swan Lake*, in personifying the powers of evil as Rotbart, were doubtless echoing the Barbarossa legend. Indeed, the whole story of *Swan Lake* must be regarded as an echo, and quite a resonant one, of the 19th century resurrection of the tribal myths of Germany.

This found early expression in the libretto of Weber's *Freischutz*. Zamiel the Black Huntsman, with his evil and magic powers, is an obvious prototype of Rotbart, especially in his metamorphoses as the Black Swan and the Black Knight. Wagner's operatic version of the ancient Siegfried saga has many similarities to the story of Siegfried in *Swan Lake*. Wagner's Siegfried kills the dragon, wins the money-hoard, and frees Brunnhilde, but complete victory over evil is only finally achieved at the cost of life itself, that of both Siegfried and Brunnhilde. Likewise in *Swan Lake* the spell of Rotbart is only broken by the dual suicide of both Siegfried and the Swan Queen. It is interesting to note too that, although Brunnhilde suffers no avian metamorphosis, Siegfried is led to her castle by a bird.

Tchaikovsky's tour

The circumstances of the composition of *Swan Lake* remove these theories from the province of simple speculation. The scenario is generally ascribed to Vladimir Petrov Begichev and a certain Gelzer. Little is known of Gelzer, but the German name is interesting. Begichev was director of the Bolshoi Theatre. An American critic (G. Roberts) has tentatively suggested that the scenario as well as the music is the work of Tchaikovsky. Weinstock's characterisation of Begichev—"a handsome elderly rake . . . married to an elderly singer"—lends support to this theory.

That Tchaikovsky was from 1866 an intimate friend of Begichev, stayed at his country house, and in 1868 travelled through Europe with him, visiting among other cities, Berlin, shows that he at least must have known of, and probably contributed to Begichev's ideas. The dramatic nature of *Swan Lake*, and the conflict involved, would also indicate that Tchaikovsky, whose life was a pattern of drama and conflict, expressed in his tormented music, played a major part in the compilation of the scenario. With regard to the possible influence of Wagner the facts are as follows: *Siegfried* was first printed in 1853 as a play. The music was completed in 1869, although it was not performed till 1876, just after the completion of *Swan Lake*.

It seems likely that Tchaikovsky, an operatic composer himself, who visited Berlin in 1868, and who was cosmopolitan in his musical sympathies, being outside the hallowed circle of the five Russian nationalists, was acquainted with the score and libretto of this work of Wagner, when *Swan Lake* was taking shape in his mind in the seventies. He was present at the 1876 performance of the *Ring* at Bayreuth, and regarded it as an "epoch-making work of art." His attitude to Wagner was ambivalent, a mixture of praise and criticism, but he regarded himself as an inferior composer to Wagner: "Certainly I am not a second Wagner"; and a short while before his death, acknowledged, if grudgingly, Wagner's influence: "If Wagner had not existed, my compositions would probably have been different." Similarly Begichev, an opera director, would have been acquainted with Wagner's works. Thus, whether the scenario is properly Begichev's or Tchaikovsky's, or an amalgamated effort, the Wagnerian influence is undeniable.

More than a fairy tale

It is customary to regard this ballet as at best a charming trivial fairy tale of no dramatic significance which has remained in the repertoire because of the music. This is Haskell's view. Diaghilev dismissed it as "German sentimentality"; Benois referred to it as "rather old-fashioned", and decided that "it fails to evoke real enthusiasm." On examination it will be found to contain a psychological struggle, which has a universal appeal, being deep-rooted in the consciousness of civilised man. This surely, as much as the music, is responsible for its survival, and also perhaps for its initial failure. The first production, choreographed by Julius Reisinger (1877) certainly evoked no enthusiasm, and *Swan Lake* did not become an established ballet until 1895, after Tchaikovsky's death. The reason for its tardy acceptance is that in all likelihood it was too strong for the frivolous audience of the time. They were so used to the elaborate displays of Petipa, with their celebrated marches and counter-marches and virtuoso dancing.

Although the choreographic version of 1895 is often ascribed to Petipa, it is generally believed to have as much of Ivanov's handiwork in it. At the time of the second production Petipa was an old man of over 70, and one might discern a skit at his expense in the humorous sketch of Siegfried's intoxicated tutor, when, in Act 1, he attempts to demonstrate the correct way to dance. Slonimsky (Leningrad, 1937: *Masters of Ballet*), lists it among Ivanov's works. The duality which is reflected in the choreography, is also expressed in the sequence of Acts—Court; Lake; Court; Lake—and, of course, in the dual nature of the Swan Queen, Odette-Odile.

Dual nature

The key to the whole ballet is Siegfried's attachment to his mother, the Queen. The alternation of Court and Lake scenes represent the two sides of his nature, the conflict within him. The Court scenes stand for his conscious everyday personality which has to assume royal power and the government of the state. His nocturnal expeditions to the Lake give vent to his more potent unconscious longings. The situation is brought out with great dramatic effect at the end of Act III, the climax of the ballet. Siegfried has danced charmingly, but without conviction, with the princesses, who are presented to him as possible brides. Then Odile appears. After the warning of Odette, and Siegfried's realisation that, by dancing with Odile, he is delivering himself into the clutches of Rotbart, the anger of Rotbart explodes, and the Court is magically cleared.

Siegfried is left alone with the one person out of the huge throng who really has significance for him—his mother, the Queen. Slumped over the throne she is presumably dead, for in Act IV Siegfried appears in black, and the ominous accretion of Rotbart's power, which the Queen's demise would represent, is illustrated by the sinister "fifth column," the Black Swans, obviously entirely under the control of Rotbart.

The Siegfried-Rotbart-Queen situation is a dramatisation of the Oedipal triangle. Rotbart represents the angry omnipotent father. Odette, living in the Lake (the symbolic import of which has already been noted), and like Siegfried's actual mother, a Queen, is a young idealised version of his mother. In her Odile aspect, and after midnight when she is a swan, she appears as the impotent creature of Rotbart (the father), and possession of her is fraught with infinite danger for Siegfried (the son).

In order to prevent Siegfried gratifying his desires, Rotbart (the father), after his discovery of the Odile ruse, is prepared to go to any lengths of vengeance. To assure his possession of the Woman he kills Siegfried's actual mother at the end of Act III, and his threefold efforts to tear Siegfried from Odette (idealised mother) in Act IV are only thwarted, and Siegfried's conflict only resolved by death, when he plunges back into the Lake to find unity with his beloved. Freud has shown this triangular situation to be ingrained in the early fantasy experience of every individual nurtured in the family as we know it; hence the dramatic appeal of *Swan Lake*.

Meaning lost in some versions

Swan Lake is thus rich, not merely from a musical and choreographic standpoint, but also in mythological historical background, and in dramatic-psychological content. It is a ballet *Hamlet* in its own right. It surpasses Helpmann's exciting translation of *Hamlet* into terms of ballet, in that it contains passages of pure classical dancing. It is a compound of both classical ballet and dance drama.

The reversion to the conventional *ballet blanc* which forms most of Act II, by which the ballet is most generally known, and part of Act IV, is a cool and refreshing contrast to the both poignant and red-hot drama of the rest. There have been many variants of this ballet. Diaghilev, interestingly enough for anyone who is acquainted with his biography, altered the ending so that Siegfried falls on the stage in a swoon, and Odette is surrendered to the clutches of Rotbart. Beaumont describes a Soviet version. Rotbart becomes a Duke who, although superior to Siegfried (who is made a Count) in the feudal hierarchy, is penniless and wishes to marry off Odile to him. Siegfried is inspired to hunt by the production of a real *dead* swan on the stage. The purpose of this version seems clear. The ballet is stripped of magical elements, given a concrete historical context, and an economic motive, thus making it more acceptable to Marxian dialectics. In accord with the general Thermidorean reaction which now exists in the USSR, it has apparently been abandoned, and the usual production reinstated.

QUEENS OF THE CANCAN

They made Paris gay

by

IVOR GUEST

Right:
Alice la Provencale—so sensual and abandoned that she was barred from the Bal Mabille and the Château des Fleurs.

THE *cancan*, which in these sad days survives only in a diluted stylization for theatrical or cabaret performance, was originally a popular dance, and remained as such for about half a century. Like the more frenzied popular styles of the present time, it had no set steps. Essentially it was an improvisation of movements as eccentric and daring as fantasy willed and public morality permitted.

In the city of pleasure which was the Paris of Napoleon III, you could see it any evening by strolling into one of the many *bals publics*—the Grande Chaumière, the Casino Cadet, Mabille, or Valentino, for instance; or, during carnival time, by joining the revelling throng at an Opéra ball. Having originated about the time of the Revolution of 1830, perhaps as a students' protest against the more formal dancing then in vogue, by the Second Empire it had come of age and was producing celebrities whose exhibition dances were the delight of the crowd.

Often the renown of these celebrities was very fleeting, but some there were who caught and held for some time the popular fancy, taking their place with the actresses, ballet-girls and *biches* in diverting the town with their adventures. These four dancers, whose photographs have been preserved in the albums of two prominent noblemen of the time, were the most brilliant stars of the *bals publics* and the Carnival balls of the Second Empire.

THE pig-eyed lady in striped knee-length trousers is the great Rigolboche herself, queen of the *cancan*, photographed in a pose which was very popular with dancers of her kind.

Rigolboche came of tough peasant stock, as can be detected from her features, and survived well into the jazz age, dying in 1920. Her career as a dancer lasted only a few years, for she rapidly ran to fat. Here she is seen in her heyday, as she appeared in a revue called *Folichons et Folichonnettes* at the Théâtre des Délassements-Comiques in the summer of 1859, and at about the time that, to win a bet with the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, she tripped across the Boulevard one evening stark naked, from the Café Anglais to the Maison Dorée.

RIGOLBOCHE'S closest rival was Finette, a Creole from Réunion, who before becoming a celebrity of the *bals publics* figured for a short time in the *corps de ballet* of the Paris Opéra, and had the distinction of being the mistress of a young American artist called James McNeil Whistler, who etched her portrait. As a *cancan* dancer she was famed for her high-kicking—she once won 1,500 francs at an Opéra ball for kicking off a gentleman's hat—and she claimed to be the inventor of the *grand écart*. She it was who, on Boxing Day, 1867, introduced the *cancan* to London, dancing it in the pantomime at the Lyceum, where she was seen more than once by the Prince of Wales.

THE third celebrity, Rosalba, started life as an ordinary working girl. One evening, on her way home with a friend, she entered the Jardin d'Hiver, was carried away by the music and began to dance. She soon attracted notice. For a time she attended the classes of Markowski, but the popular dancing master abandoned his task in despair, for she invented every step she took, which of course was the secret of her success.

"She knows all the fine points of the *cancan*, but she seems to improvise each one of her steps," wrote an admirer. "Her dance is a continual creation. Precisely because of this natural quality, which is ever present, she is the one artist in this realm of which Rigolboche is queen." There was a reminiscence of Spanish dancing in the fury of her movements. "The wriggling of her hips, her *ballon*, the Petra Cámara* effect of the skirt swirling about her thighs and of ruffled petticoats, her provoking expression, make her one of the most interesting *cabrioleuses* to be seen."

ALICE LA PROVENÇALE was also a pupil of Markowski. Her style of dancing was so sensual and abandoned that she was barred from the Bal Mabille and the Château des Fleurs, but her career elsewhere was unfortunately short, for she grew stout and retired from public view about 1867.

Rigolboche, Finette, Rosalba, Alice la Provençale and their lesser-known colleagues represented one facet of the dance of their time. Their art, alas, was more ephemeral than that of their artistic kinswomen at the Opéra—Livry, Ferraris, Muravieva, Boschetti, Salvioni—whose styles were described by the great critics of the day.

* A well-known Spanish dancer of the time

Rigolboche

Finette

Rosalba

DON JUAN

REVIVAL

First given by Sadler's Wells Ballet on November 25, 1948. Revived at Royal Opera House on September 13 (mat.), 1952.

A choreographic impression in one act by Frederick Ashton. Music by Richard Strauss. Costumes and scenery by Edward Burra.

The love that caught strange light from Death's own eyes from *La Morte Amoureuse* by Gautier, translated by Swinburne.

Don Juan	JOHN HART
"La Morte Amoureuse"	VIOLETTA ELVIN
Her Attendants	LESLIE EDWARDS, ARNOTT MADER
A Young Wife	SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
Her Husband	BRYAN ASHBRIDGE
Amours	ANNE HEATON, GERD LARSEN, JULIA FARRON, ROSEMARY LINDSAY, GRETA HAMBY, ROSEMARY VALAIRE
Rivals	RONALD HYND, DESMOND DOYLE, GILBERT VERNON.

Photographed by Angus McBean

DON JUAN is a European figure. Since his first entry in Spain during the early part of the seventeenth century he has appeared here, there and everywhere. Poems, plays, operas and ballets on this legendary lover have abounded, each artist adding his individual pigment to the composite picture.

The only recent ballet, apart from our present consideration, to be based on the Don Juan theme was Fokine's production in 1936. Using Gluck's music and a slight adaptation of his scenario, the ballet's story was broadly familiar to those with knowledge of Mozart's famous opera on this theme.

When in 1948 Ashton first produced his *Don Juan* to the Richard Strauss tone-poem, the ballet's reception was not cordial. One of the most frequently voiced criticisms of the work was that Ashton's conception of the Don and the action of the ballet were at variance with the clearly defined programme that the composer had in mind. As this criticism is bound to be raised on the ballet's revival and is completely untrue, it may be as well to dismiss it.

In the composition of the score Strauss was inspired not by the customary figure of Juan with all the paraphernalia of the Commendatore, Donna Elvira and the rest, but by a dramatic fragment of the Austrian lyric poet Nicholas Lenau. Lenau, a somewhat pessimistic writer influenced by Byron, envisaged Juan not as the hot-blooded libertine of popular legend but as a man in search of the ideal woman. Failing to find her he embraces death, so finding peace. This is apparently Strauss's programme and also Ashton's scenario.

However, it is possible for a choreographer to match the theme and mood of a score without matching the score itself. Such a device as the beginning of the ballet in silence (one recalls that Balanchine added a drum-roll to the beginning of *Tyl Eulenspiegel*) would be pardonable enough did it not reflect the choreographer's unequal struggle with a basically unsuitable score.

It is a tragedy that some of the most danceable music ever written (Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Ravel's *La Valse* for example) cannot be danced to. The upsurges of sound are so powerful, the rhythmic impulses so masterful, the density of the orchestration so heavy that to dance to them one would need a race of supermen let loose on Salisbury Plain.

What male solo is going to equal in movement the tidal-wave sweep of the blare of sound that is *Don Juan's* central theme? Naturally, Ashton has his measure of success because he knows what the composer is trying to do. But what he forgets is that the composer has done it.

Violetta Elvin as La Morte Amoureuse.

Yet the ballet (or choreographic impression as its author rather hesitantly calls it) is worth reviving. It has a striking theme and is full of choreographic beauties which even if divorced from the score can still give pleasure to the visual mind.

The real strength of the ballet lies in the hard brilliance of La Morte Amoureuse contrasted with the soft delicacy of the Young Wife, and the virtuoso ingenuity of the various adagios. Where it fails is in such places as introduction of the irrelevant Carnaval figures, presumably brought on in a vain attempt to equal on the stage the luxuriant orchestration issuing from the pit.

Don Juan was conceived for Helpmann more in terms of the drama than the dance. Now Hart has taken it over (he danced it previously) it has been changed surprisingly little, although I believe the role of La Morte Amoureuse has been slightly re-modelled. Hart partners impeccably but fails to dominate the stage either by his dancing or acting. Neither could Helpmann. The score cries out for a dancer with great elevation who bounds across the stage.

Elvin cunningly mixes Italianate warmth with icy aloofness as La Morte Amoureuse, while Beriosova is touchingly innocent as the inexperienced Young Wife. Ronald Hynd, Desmond Doyle and Gilbert Vernon all dance well in the momentary parts of the Rivals.

Edward Burra's decor and costumes are distinguished. The crumbling masonry of the set is well in accord with the atmosphere engendered by the idea of "love-in-death." The costumes, sensibly devoid of any associations of time or place, are colourful without being garish.

Clive Barnes

The carnaval figures who surge on in the later stages of the ballet. The costumes of Burra have been well-designed though the stripe motif is rather too prominent.

NEW BALLET

FIVE VARIATIONS WITH A THEME

First given by Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre on October 5, 1952.

Choreography by Alex Martin. Music by Michael Hobson. Decor and costumes by Tom Lingwood.

1. The Theme
2. The Variations: Canon, Polonaise, Tango, Valse, Finale.

Cast

JOSEPHINE GORDON, RAYMOND RAY and JOHAAR MOSAVEL

THE first performance of a choreographer's first ballet cannot fail to be an event of interest. Even at Ballet Workshop, where such events are far from being phenomena, they still arouse pre-curtain excitement in all but the most jaded of spectators. For who knows, they may be about to witness the debut of an Ashton or Balanchine.

Alex Martin's first ballet, *Five Variations with a Theme*, may not mark the emergence of a luminary of this brilliance but it is a work of unusual promise.

Definitely not a narrative ballet, hardly plotless, it belongs to that genre of which *Serenade* and *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* are perhaps the supreme examples. Eddies swirling in the ballet's stream carry fragments of a story.

This is as tantalisingly vague as that imagined from those equivocal gesticulations by strangers we sometimes glimpse from, say, the top of a bus or on a dance-floor. In a narrow sense the presentation of such emotion is super-realistic; life undigested and unformalised by art.

The two rivals, Raymond Ray and Johaar Mosavel. *Photo: Paul Wilson*

This type of ballet is well fitted to the needs of an inexperienced choreographer, testing as it does more his aptitude for movement and groupings than his power over content and form. Martin acquits himself admirably.

His invention is unforced and pleasing, his groupings nearly always natural and often expressive. In this ballet he makes great play with steps of elevation, giving the work a light, buoyant quality and he is careful not to encrust his dances with too much heavy-handed significance.

At times, for example in the girl's first long solo, he inclines towards choreographic verbosity. This is a fault usually remedied by experience.

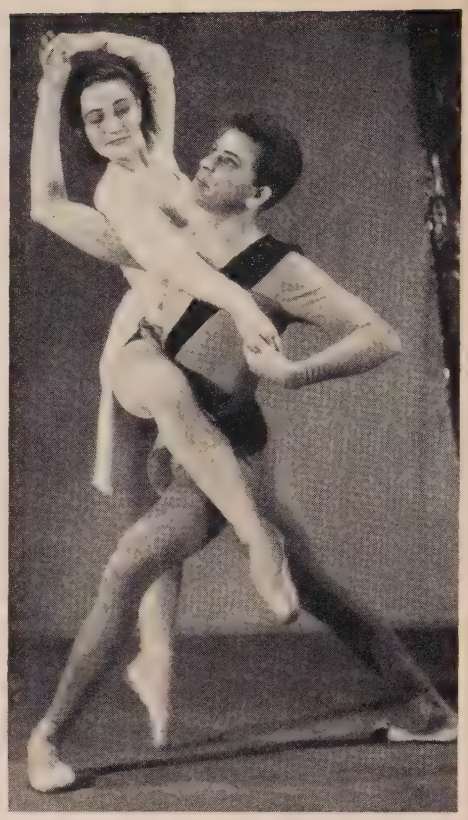
Possibly influenced by Balanchine, Martin has chosen to construct his work after the manner of *Symphonie Concertante*, where solo instruments in the score are "visualised" on the stage by the movements of particular dancers. Thus in this work the piano and violin are primarily allocated to the girl, the clarinet to her "lover," the trumpet to the "rival" cavalier.

Such an arrangement, presumably intended to give unity and subtlety to the work, always strikes me as unnecessarily pedantic and precious. Here, owing to the score being commissioned, the music works more smoothly with the choreography than is usual when it has such strict limitations of service imposed upon it.

The ballet is composed as a *pas de trois* and its effect was possibly weakened by the presence of Michael Charnley's *Bagatelle*, another *pas de trois*, on the same programme. Both ballets, despite the differing styles of their choreography, have a lot in common and it was foolish to mount them together.

Michael Hobson, with his prodigious output of new music, could well be called the Minkus of modern British ballet. He is a completely professional musician whose talents perfectly fit him for the post of musical director to the Workshop. His latest score, urbane and accomplished, is a good example of his work.

Tom Lingwood's decor and costumes once more reveal their creator as a decorator rather than designer. His originality frequently rests more in choice of material (in this work his set is executed in silver foil) than in actual design. The lighting, as is usual to this venture, was excellent.



Josephine Gordon and Raymond Ray in the pas de deux. *Photo: Paul Wilson*

All three members of the ballet's cast gave good performances. Josephine Gordon is a strong dancer with an individual personality, while Raymond Ray, despite a certain untidiness and over-ardent approach, is greatly improved from his first appearances at the Workshop.

Most of the performance laurels must go to Johaar Mosavel. In this his first solo role in England he danced with power, classical elegance and effortless *ballon*. His head is well set on a body that is held as straight as an arrow. The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, his parent company, is fortunate in his acquisition.

Clive Barnes

SPEAK UP!

Not so insular after all

SIR.—I have just read the editorial about Svetlana Beriosova, and I must express my astonishment that there apparently exist people who resent the fact that she is not British. Can there be among intelligent ballet-goers people with so narrow an outlook? What does it matter what her nationality is?

Do they not realise that we are lucky to have the opportunity of seeing such a dancer, for it must be apparent to anyone with perception that Beriosova is one of the rare ones, and we should be thankful that she (and also the exciting and beautiful Violetta Elvin) is safely settled in this country and not lost to us.

The phrase describing the particular quality that belongs to the handful of great dancers—"an almost mystical mantle," is an apt one.

It is something that cannot be acquired, for it comes from within, and is present in the immature dancer as well as in the experienced ballerina. One remembers with gratitude the young Fonteyn in *Horoscope*, *Apparitions*, *The Wise Virgins*, and whatever the future may hold in store for us from Beriosova I, at least, shall always remember her in *Designs with Strings* and *Assembly Ball*.

One can only assume that those who bother about where Beriosova was born are not sufficiently sensitive to feel this subtle quality, the quality of greatness, which she undoubtedly possesses.—M. PURDON, *c/o 1 York Gate, N.W.1.*

Oh! That beautiful doll

SIR.—With few exceptions I disagreed with all of the views expressed by your correspondents in the "Speak Up!" column of the November issue.

Perhaps my views on ballet are all wrong, but personally I agreed with your criticisms of the New York City Ballet's season at Covent Garden. I know that after seeing their first performance, I was left with a feeling of disappointment. Could it have been that out of the five ballets presented, only one was not choreographed by Balanchine? This would have been quite all right if each ballet had not been more or less a replica of the previous one. Seeing the same choreographic tricks repeated again and again can get monotonous.

Another surprise to me was a correspondent's statement that Beriosova appeared like a beautiful doll, even in parts of *Coppelia*. I may be mistaken, but surely Swanilda is supposed to look like a beautiful doll in some parts of *Coppelia*. Can this correspondent ever have seen Beriosova in "The Prospect Before Us"? I wonder?

As for the writer who dislikes hearing about foreign dancers and companies, perhaps she will tell us how we are to judge the standards of British ballet if we are to hear nothing of foreign companies. —ROY POLLOCK, 104 *Sternhold Avenue, London, S.W.2.*

MOIRA SHEARER in *Ballet Imperial*

MARGOT FONTEYN as Giselle in *Giselle*, Act II

Reproduced by the courtesy of photographer Gordon Anthony from his book Sadler's Wells Ballet in Colour (4/6) *by permission of the publishers, Phoenix House Ltd. From all bookshops.*

ELAINE FIFIELD as the Sugar Plum Fairy in
Casse Noisette

ALICIA MARKOVA in the Prelude from
Les Sylphides

Reproduced by the courtesy of photographer Gordon Anthony from his book Dancers of the World in Colour (4/6) *by permission of the publishers, Phoenix House Ltd. From all bookshops.*

VIOLETTA ELVIN as the Bluebird in
Sleeping Beauty, Act IV
From Sadler's Wells Ballet in Colour (4/6)

MONA INGLESBY as Swanilda in *Coppélia*
From Dancers of the World in Colour (4/6)

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NADIA NERINA as Cinderella in *Cinderella*, Act III

From Sadler's Wells Ballet in Colour (4/6)

BERYL GREY as Death in *Donald of the Burthens*

From Beryl Grey *by Gordon Anthony* (12/6)

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NEW BALLET

PEEPSHOW

First given by Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre on October 5, 1952. Setting and choreography (for T.) by Walter Gore. Music by Jean Francaix.

Cast

PAULA HINTON, MICHEL DE LUTRY and WALTER GORE

SOME ballets we admire instinctively, some after consideration, while some win our approval with a rush as though the choreographer had led a bayonet charge against the slit-trench of our opinion and captured it at one fell swoop. So it was with *Peepshow*.

This is a ballet—if one calls it a ballet—without dancing, without acting. Just an essay in movement and an experiment in grotesque humour.

The three dancers, dressed in tights and bathing costumes, wearing the kind of make-up Chagall might design for a cross-Channel swimmer, are stuck in holes cut in a horizontal strip of canvas stretched taut across the stage. A rectangular piece of canvas is placed vertically in front of them. This can be moved up and down to block out either the lower or the upper half of the dancers' bodies.

Occasionally the dancers duck beneath their imprisoning canvas and, possibly knowing of a better 'ole, change position. One movement of the score finds the dancers crouched underneath the canvas steadily,

Who is this person?

—who appears to be doing exercises?

It is Paula Hinton— —rolling on the ocean bed

but statically, "swimming underwater." But apart from these infrequent jaunts and inhibited swim they are completely stage-stuck.

The two original ideas of *Peepshow* are not entirely new. Fixed dancers frantically waving their arms and legs can be seen in *Petrouchka*; the effect of dancers' limbs moving with the top of their bodies hidden was used previously by Gore in *Fireflies* (*Kaleidoscope*). In *Peepshow*, however, Gore has built his entire work around these two tricks or, to use an apt Americanism, gimmicks.

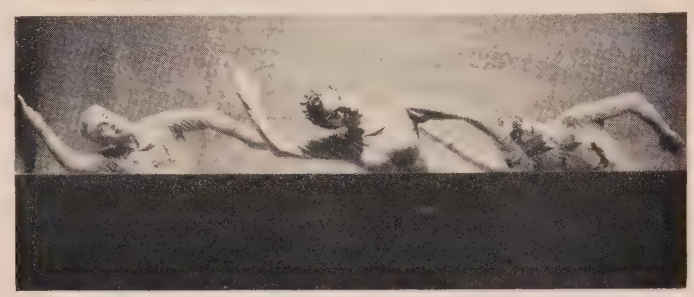
But in doing this, Gore has imposed strict limitations upon himself. Why has he decided to bind himself in a nutshell when he could be king of the infinite space offered by the Mercury stage? Partly for the experiment; chiefly, one fancies, for the joke. And what a good joke it is!

Such simple steps as *pliés* and *ronds de jambes*, strange enough contortions in faith, but normally taken for granted, become ludicrous when performed by legs divorced from their bodies. Other glorious moments of humour are provided by "stationary" walking movements (reminiscent of the French mime Marceau), and various overarm swimming strokes.

The joke is heightened by the dancers' glassy gaze of perpetual amazement and kept alive by a series of swift surprises. These flash across the work like illuminating epigrams, suddenly revealing the absurdity in the commonplace.

The co-ordinated movements of Hinton, de Lutry and Gore, executed with the nonchalance that should distinguish performances of the Popular Song in *Facade*, were a joy to watch. In the Francaix score, Gore found the perfect accompaniment to his entertainment.

The opening moments of the ballet reveal only the dancers' legs



Then the upper part of their bodies appear to be swimming

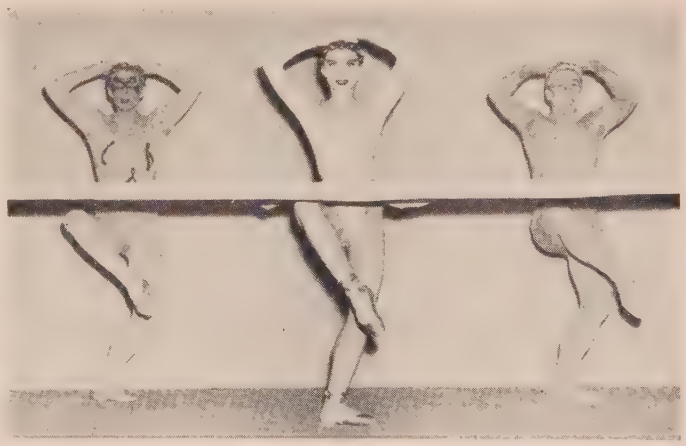
Gore has recently produced two ballets, *Street Games* and a short *divertissement*, for Antoinette Wijnberg's New Ballet, and it is rumoured that he and Hinton may be forming a company of their own in the new year. All this is excellent news, but surely the time has come for him to be invited to add a ballet to the national repertory either at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells.

One must never question the executive policy of a ballet company. There are probably many good reasons, not apparent to the outsider, why Gore, and for that matter Tudor, have either not been asked or else have not accepted an invitation to mount a work for the Sadler's Wells organisation. But whatever these difficulties are there must be quite a few balletgoers who would welcome their solution. Certainly during the past decade Gore's achievements would bear favourable comparison with the work of almost any other choreographer working today.

Not only has he produced ballets of the quality of *Simple Symphony*, *Antonia* and (to judge admittedly from hearsay) *La Dam née*, and inventive experiments like *Fireflies*, *Hoops* and *Peepshow*, but he has discovered an individual manner and fresh approach to the art of choreography. His style, always vigorous, grotesque and eccentric, has with the artist's experience acquired the fluency it once lacked—a fluency well illustrated by his charming *pas de deux*, *Pastorale for Today*. So while his choreography often has a kinship with Massine and de Valois, it also recalls the smoother manner of the neo-classical choreographers. Apart from the question of technique his work reveals a plenitude of human moods, from the passionate to the playful.

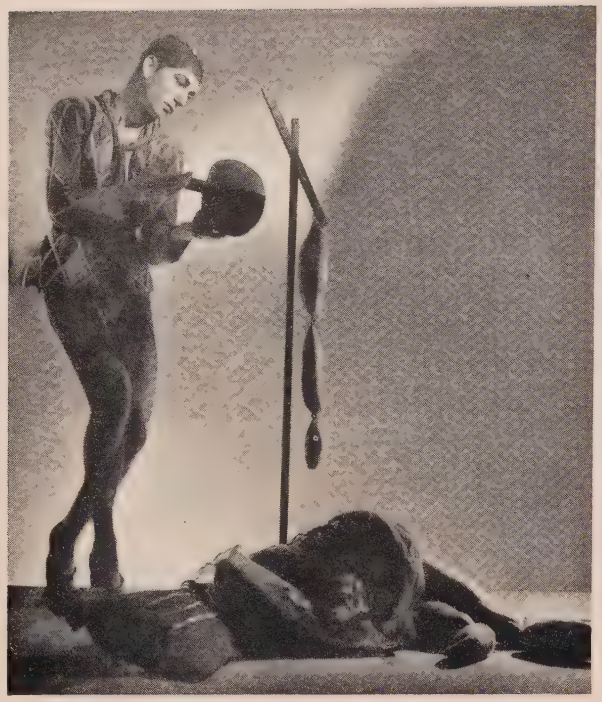
Gore, though now far from unrecognised, is still woefully underestimated as a force in British ballet.

Clive Barnes



Here are the three dancers—Walter Gore, Paula Hinton, Michel de Lutry—in toto **Photographed by Paul Wilson**

curtain up!



Harlequins are usually, in these times, associated with Christmas. This particular one is associated with the spring, in John Cranko's Harlequin in April *for Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. David Blair is seen at the end of the ballet when his disillusionment is complete, his Columbine (his ideal) turns out to be no more than some rags and a string of sausages.*

The photograph by Roger Wood is from his new book The Theatre Ballet of Sadler's Wells (*Phoenix House, 7/6*), *which is reviewed on page twenty-one of this issue. The caption reads, "The recognition and promotion of David Blair's exceptional talent is one of the finest things yet achieved by the directors of Sadler's Wells."*

Artist in paint and on platform

FRANCISCO MONCION, principal male dancer of New York City Ballet, had little time to make use of the holiday his company enjoyed after their European tour. He held his first exhibition of paintings a fortnight after he returned to the States.

Some time ago he began to paint and draw as a relaxation. His first work was done in theatre dressing rooms with make-up pigments and pencils. This hobby got hold of him and the result was the recent exhibition.

Completely self-trained, he has developed a consistent personal style in which the influence of his dancing career shows itself in the approach rather than (thank goodness !) in the subject matter. He has other artistic ambitions also—it would not be surprising if one day he tried his hand at choreography.

The innocence of critics

AT least half the audience at any Ballet Workshop *premiere* seem to consist of critics. It is a common opinion among dancers that these creatures all have the faces of habitual criminals. Never can so many critics have tried to look so innocent as when, on the first night of the winter season, David Ellis announced from the stage that a robbery had taken place.

On the previous night, thieves made away with £50, advance bookings, from the box office. A serious loss for an organisation with modest financial resources.

The Bakers like England

YOU remember Allan Baker and Constance Garfield, whose wedding was reported, with picture, in one of the earliest numbers of *Dance and Dancers*. He was one of the original members of Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and later danced the lead in *Oklahoma*. She was a well-known soloist with the de Cuevas company. They went to America to work and returned with the New York City Ballet this year.

Now they have decided that they like London better after all. "For one thing we eat so much better here," they explain. A rather different tale to most Americans visiting England who complain that the food is dreadful in this country.

The Bakers will be the principal dancers in the New Ballet Company which is being formed by Antoinette Wijnberg. This company, which may by now have given its first performances, has many new ballets by choreographers such as Walter Gore and Frank Staff. It is a small group which intends to use no more than about a dozen dancers rather in the same way as did Roland Petit with his Ballets de Paris. They will concentrate on new and interesting works.

Another solo pas de deux

IT is sometimes a little disconcerting to find one's more flippant prophecies come true. In February, 1951, we reported how John Gilpin completed a *pas de deux* on his own after Riabouchinska sprained an ankle during a performance of *Beau Danube*. "Choreographers who are still searching for ideas for dances for two people," we suggested, "might possibly use this idea of a solo *pas de deux*."

Nobody was more surprised than we when it was announced from the Sadler's Wells stage that, owing to his partner's indisposition, Pirmin Trecu would perform *Jota Toledana* as a solo. After this spirited performance we look forward to what might happen if, say, the Bluebird *pas de deux* were given without the encumbrance of a partner.

Out of the mouths . . .

"IF she were really any good, she would not need him." This remarkably wise observation was recently made by a fourteen-year-old boy watching a classical *pas de deux* on television.

Spooky inspiration

THE editors of the French magazine *Toute la Danse* are still puzzled about the origin of a piece of information which crept into their first issue. It was reported that Nina Vyroubova (star of the Paris Opéra) on taking over the title role in *Giselle*, spent the night in one of the Paris cemeteries "among tombs and will-o'-the-wisps, meditating on the danger of being too fond of dancing"—so eager, apparently, was she to absorb the right atmosphere.

Vyroubova herself had a shock when she read those words. In the following issue she replied: "No, sirs. I do not haunt the Montmartre cemetery during closing hours in order to immerse myself in a suitable environment for the second act of *Giselle*. This ridiculous and macabre idea, which you freely attribute to me, is certainly not mine. My stage is not the cold earth of the cemetery but the hard and familiar boards of the floor."

It's bound to happen—

—as the Spectre jumps out of the window at the end of Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

Drawn by Peter Revitt

It is to be hoped that this idea does not inspire other dancers to adopt this method of gaining atmosphere. It might prove unpleasant if the ballet in question were, say, *Miracle in the Gorbals* or *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit.*

Markova the versatile

YOU never know what is going to happen next. An American paper announces that "..... Alicia Markova, Yehudi Menuhin and Dimitri Mitropoulis head the list of distinguished musicians who will perform with the N.Y. Philharmonic Symphony at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 17 . .."

We are anxious to know what instrument Markova played so that we can arrange an article on her for *Music and Musicians.*

As well as this instrumental playing, Markova has been an outstanding success as Master of Ceremonies on television. Before the broadcast was over she was receiving offers from all over the U.S.A.

Many cooks and no chef

DANCES for two people get grander and grander. A programme note in the programme of the Sadler's Wells tour tells us that the *pas de deux* from *Giselle* Act I has "a scenario by Theophile Gautier based on a theme of Heinrich Heine." Such an august combination to devise a synopsis for what has always appeared to be a straightforward *divertissement* seems quite incredible.

The same programme told us the names of those who arranged the dances of Prince Florimund, of Florestan and his sisters and the Three Ivans from the last act of *Sleeping Beauty.* The rest of the ballet was not attributed to any choreographer. Presumably Princess Aurora and her partner made up their *pas de deux* as they went along.

Members of Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet rehearsing Pineapple Poll. *Another photograph from Roger Wood's* The Theatre Ballet of Sadler's Wells (*Phoenix House,* 7/6).

WALTER GORE IN AUSTRALIA

"Ballet in Australia for its present and its ultimate good is in the wrong hands," wrote Walter Gore in his article Near enough won't do (Dance and Dancers, *October*)

from Vassilie Trunoff (dancer)

SIR.—Surely the picture of ballet in Australia painted by Walter Gore is a picture of his personal association with one particular company, and not—as one was led to believe—of the general state of ballet in Australia.

The purpose of this letter is to rectify any mistaken impressions that your readers may have after reading the article Near Enough is not Good Enough in your October issue.

The company with which Walter Gore and Paula Hinton were associated is only one of several. It works under the title of National Ballet, though it is supported by the State of Victoria, and not, as the title suggests, by the Federal Government of Australia. Its home is in Melbourne, which is also the home of the powerful Borovansky Ballet, which has been in existence commercially and professionally since 1943.

To my own personal knowledge and experience the Borovansky company, under the sponsorship of J. C. Williamson's Theatres, Ltd., has set a standard of ballet presentation which equals that of any commercial company of the same size that I have seen in Great Britain or on the Continent.

In addition there are numerous small groups throughout Australia—we have had the equivalent of Ballet Workshop in Melbourne (Melbourne Ballet Guild) since 1947.

With all these groups and companies, functioning as they have done for many years, in a country whose population is smaller than that of London, the indication is that the growth of Australian ballet is healthy. That there is room for improvement I do not deny. Neither do I deny the truth of Walter Gore's statements, but I stress again that they apply to one company, and one company only, the one with which he was associated.

It is not my intention to defend Australian ballet as such, or to deprecate Walter Gore's article, but to paint a picture which would clear the air of what I considered to be a misleading representation. That the article was written in all sincerity I accept, but—"Near Enough is not Good Enough!" *Festival Ballet, London*

from Kenneth Rowell (Australian designer)

SIR.—Mr. Walter Gore's article on Australian ballet is timely and should be recognised as the well-considered opinion of a major English choreographer and dancer Because of his recent engagement in Australia, he is very well equipped to speak on conditions of ballet production there.

To ignore the criticism and advice of an artist of his calibre and integrity will be to further delay any improvement in the standard of production in a country which Mr. Gore himself considers potentially capable of achievement in this field.—36 *Cadogan Square, S.W.*1.

from an Australian newspaper

To the dancers of the National Theatre Company, Walter Gore and Paula Hinton proved themselves to be charming and sincere artists. There was never any show of moods or temperament, and all Mr. Gore's work proved his artistic integrity and his ability as a producer and director of ballet.

His criticism is not to be lightly dismissed.

It shows that the National Theatre Movement is building an adverse reputation in the ballet world overseas.

If the work of fine overseas dancers had been appreciated it is probable that this company to-day would include not only the Gores, but Joyce Graeme, Rex Reid and Margaret Scott—all of whom left Australia disillusioned by the treatment they received from executives of the National Theatre movement.—"12 Ex-N.T.M. DANCERS." *Melbourne.*

from Paul Grinwis (dancer)

SIR.—I was very sorry to hear about the unlucky experiment Mr. Gore has made with a ballet company in Australia, but also shocked by the way his article will give the outsider the impression that his account is valid for the general ballet activity in Australia.

If Mr. Gore had mentioned the company to which he has belonged as a principal dancer and choreographer, I think there would be no reason to contradict his article, but he doesn't.

Like Mr. Gore, I have been in Australia lately and as well as he, I left that country because I disagreed with the direction of the company I was working with, and not because I might have believed that Australian ballet was a flop.

There are in Australia two major ballet companies, the National Company and the Borovansky Company.

The National company is supported partly by a subsidy of the Victorian State Government and in describing the way this capital has been wasted, Mr. Gore's article could have been a very interesting and entertaining one.

The Borovansky company is supported by the J. C. Williamson Theatre, Ltd. The company is run in a commercial way and the artistic standard has not reached the high level seen by the Australians when the company of the late Colonel de Basil was visiting their country in 1939. But this is only a matter of time. To make the Borovansky company financially successful some concessions have been made to the general public. Perhaps artistically frustrated people will say this is wrong and sometimes it is.

Australia has developed during the last years into a ballet-minded country. The audience want good ballet and "near enough won't do" for them.

In less than 16 months, the Borovansky has created and revived a repertory of 17 ballets, including a four act production. This was only possible with young, dynamic, versatile and technically outstanding dancers. Does Mr. Gore think this was realised on account of luck?

I produced two ballets for the Borovansky company and I had every help and understanding from everybody concerned with the productions. Because there was no desire to waste money, we got exactly what we wanted: green materials for green dresses, etc., etc.

Coupure 275, *Ghent, Belgium.*

Out of the rain to the stars

TWO dancers who appeared with Gene Kelly in the film, *Singing in the Rain* are doing nicely for themselves. Cyd Charisse is co-starring with Fred Astaire in *The Band Waggon* film. She will dance *Swan Lake* as well as a surrealistic ballet, *Two Faced-Woman.*

Donald O'Connor who, as we mentioned in an article on Kelly last month, had one of the best numbers in *Singing in the Rain,* plays the title role in the film *I love Melvin.* He has four dance numbers, one of them on roller-skates.

Melba and Taglioni in partnership

WE are told that Violetta Elvin is to dance as Taglioni (in *Robert the Devil*) in a film called *The Life of Melba.* This seems strange as Taglioni retired in 1847 and Melba was not singing until the end of the century.

happy birthday to...

		Dec.
Sheila Falconer	Continental Ballet	9
Jean Guelis	formerly Champs Elysees Ballet	9
Dolores Starr	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	9
Sally Bradley	Festival Ballet	10
Miro Zloch	Borovansky Ballet	10
Kenneth Macmillan	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	11
Helga Monson	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	13
Nathalie Philippart	formerly Champs Elysees Ballet	15
Robert Blake	International Ballet	16
Anette Page	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	18
Elisabeth Lillie	Continental Ballet	21
Alan Carter	formerly Empire Ballet	24
Oleg Sabline	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	24
André Cordova	formerly Empire Ballet	25
David Lichine	formerly Ballet Russe	25
Noël Rossana	Festival Ballet	25
Karin Bel	Festival Ballet	29
Patricia Miller	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	29
Margaret Dale	Sadler's Wells Ballet	30
Beryl Goldwyn	Ballet Rambert	31
		Jan.
Peter Clegg	Sadler's Wells Ballet	3
Olga Marcheeva	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	3
Dame Adeline Genée	President R.A.D.	6
Ivan Dragadze	Festival Ballet	7
Bronislava Nijinska	Choreographer and Teacher	8

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

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OPERA RAT

Child of the Ballet by Odette Joyeux, translated by Arnold Haskell, (Allan Wingate, 15/-).

MANY dancers become film stars but few of them were dragged into ballet at the Paris Opéra as was Odette Joyeux (remember her in *La Ronde*). I have no hesitation in recommending this book as an important addition to everyone's library. It gives a fascinating and witty account of the life and workings of the Opéra-routine, performances, intrigues and jealousies. Like Agnes de Mille's *Dance to the Piper* in 1951, *Child of the Ballet* is the ballet book of 1952. Wingate are to be congratulated on the production of the volume which contains several etchings by Louis Legrand (one of which is reproduced here). It would be hard to find a more fitting accompaniment to such well-written and graphic text.

A FURTHER GUIDE TO A GUIDE

Supplement to Complete Book of Ballets by Cyril W. Beaumont (Putnam, 21*s.*).

THERE was a scene in the Marx Brothers' film *A Day at the Races* in which Chico sold Groucho books on racing form. To understand one book another had to be bought until Groucho was laden with books, clutched to every part of his anatomy. Books on ballet are rather like that. The most comprehensive is, of course, Mr. Beaumont's *Complete Book of Ballet*. So as to make it more complete, it is imperative to buy the Supplement which completes the ballet picture up to the year 1942 (this has just been reprinted). A further supplement covering the past, most important, ten years is in the course of preparation, and it will be equally essential to buy it when it appears (that is, if you have the other two). Everyone will gladly pay up.

NEWCOMERS ON BOTH SIDES OF BALLET'S FOOTLIGHTS

An Intruder at the Ballet, by Monk Gibbon (Phoenix House, 21*s.*).

WE are all of us, those of us who are not dancers, intruders at the ballet if we overreach ourselves in our ardour to see how the wheels go round. Monk Gibbon has come to ballet late in his life. Nothing, certainly, wrong in that and one is glad for his sake that he has arrived. Whether we should be involved in his findings, to the tune of one guinea, is another matter.

In the thirties, when ballet had not been dissected by every housewife from Land's End to World's End, we had Arnold Haskell and Adrian Stokes intruding at the ballet; and grateful of their intrusion we were. Today everybody who buys a ticket, and many of those who don't, feel they have the right to express their opinions. What's more they write about them.

Monk Gibbon has not seen enough ballet to realise exactly where all the complicated pieces fit together. He goes on at length about the beauties of Kirsta's decor for Festival Ballet's *The Nutcracker*, yet dismisses Picasso's backcloth for *Le Tricorne* as "hardly that inspiration of genius." I can only assume from this that he has merely seen the insensitively executed and lit backcloth now at Covent Garden. Had he ever seen this decor as it was originally given, and as Picasso intended, I do not feel he would have made such a sweeping statement.

Again, he sees great significance in a recent production of Petit's *Le Rendezvous* (also very different to when it was first given), yet finds none in Cranko's *Harlequin in April*, which he labels "ham." He admits to having seen this ballet only once, so I would suggest that before he intrudes further into the ballet he should see every work ten or twenty times before he starts theorising.

Stage by Stage by Peter Daubeny (John Murray, 16*s.*).

PETER DAUBENY is another person who has come to ballet rather late in his young life. In fact, when DANCE AND DANCERS was recording Walter Gore's performance of Harlequin in Daubeny's presentation of *The Gay Invalide* (April 1951), it was the first time his interest was aroused in the art. His conversations with Gore were responsible. Since the summer of last year, Peter Daubeny has brought a continual stream of remarkable foreign artists to the Cambridge Theatre.

Daubeny's adventures as a theatrical manager make lively reading. He does not gloss over his many mistakes any more than he hides the shortcomings of others. Although only a small part of the book is devoted to the dance, the rest, including some graphically grim descriptions of the war in North Africa, a visit of a different nature to the Lunts in America, and the general post-war theatre scene in England—makes a cautionary tale for all those who ever thought that theatre management was merely a matter of sitting down smoking cigars ensconced behind the imposing facade of an office desk.

BALLET ANNUAL—BERYLS GREY AND DE ZOETE

The Ballet Annual, edited by Arnold L. Haskell (A. & C. Black, 25*s.*).

MR. HASKELL'S annual pudding has two extra cooks to assist in the stirring—Mary Clarke as assistant editor and Ivor Guest as associate concerned with the historical aspect. These are in addition to the other assistant cooks of long standing—Cyril Swinson and G. B. L. Wilson. For once it does not seem to be a case of too many of them. The volume seems better laid out and to cover, more thoroughly, the whole field of ballet since last pudding time. The photographs have been well chosen and beautifully reproduced. One could wish that the foolish prattling of that balletophobe, Alan Dent, had not been perpetrated between the handsome covers, because books remain long after newspapers and periodicals have been mercifully forgotten.

Seven volumes we now have of this annual and they could be the most invaluable reference book if there was any sign of an index. In spite of sincere promises from the publisher, no index has yet appeared. Seven volumes stare blandly from my bookshelf, knowing that after the first feverish handling, when they were originally published, they will remain untouched except by the occasional duster. I just don't like to see books out of work.

Dance and Drama in Bali by Beryl de Zoete (Faber and Faber, 63*s.*).

THIS fine book has been unobtainable for some time. Since it was first published we have had a chance to see the beautiful dances of Bali for ourselves; Beryl de Zoete's book throws further light on the history and dance practice on that spice-scented Pacific island. Such a book is a possession on account of its comprehensive treatment, its magnificent photographs by Walter Spies, and its general production.

Beryl Grey, The Progress of a Ballerina, by Pigeon Crowle (Faber and Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*).

HOW strange is the behaviour of muses who inspire books on ballet (these ladies were noticeably absent fron the cavortings of their sisters in the final act of *Sylvia*). That fine artist, Beryl Grey, has been slightly neglected in the past. All of a sudden she appears on the covers of magazines and books, several volumes are produced with the sole purpose of singing her praises—even the Poet Laureate has joined in on the present occasion.

This chatty feet-up-in-front-of-the-fire biography will please the many admirers of this charming ballerina. The book is a comfortable size and the photographs are well balanced between on and off stage.

PICTURE BOOKS FOR ALL

Baron Encore (Collins, 42*s.*).

ANOTHER fine book of photographs by Baron making a worthy successor to his *Baron at the Ballet*. As well as the British companies, there are sections on the Paris Opera, New York City Ballet and the Royal Danish Ballet, as well as photographs of the various foreign visitors to England.

The Theatre Ballet of Sadler's Wells. Photographed by Roger Wood, with an appreciation by Arnold Haskell (Phoenix House, 7*s.* 6*d.*).

THE junior company (as it used to be called) has grown up and become an ambassador of the dance in America and Canada. Next year it will go to Africa and probably to other countries over the sea. Until this volume, the company has had nothing all of its own. It is strange when you think how all the other aspects of ballet have been written to death, yet this vital company has one of the most interesting modern repertoires in the world and so many young dancers who are certain to leave their imprint on history's pages.

This well-produced little book contains photographs of the company during rehearsal, during performance and off stage. It is bound in thick boards, which will make it nice and easy for the dancers to append their autograph to their respective pictures as they leave the stage door. The photographs have the quality we have come to expect from Roger Wood.

Ballet. Photographed by Serge Lido and text by Serge Lifar, George Balanchine, Anton Dolin and Marquis George de Cuevas (Art et Industrie 32*s.* 6*d.*).

FOR the past few years, Lido's albums of photographs have become an annual event welcomed by all who collect literature on the dance. The new collection lives up to the usual high standard. The maximum effect is created by their size and fine reproduction.

Pride of place goes to the English ballerinas, this year, with Markova on the cover and many photographs of The Sadler's Wells and Festival Ballet dancers inside. In addition, there are numerous pictures of the great artists who have adorned the Paris ballet scene over the past year, the most extraordinary being that of the team Les Charlivels, who appear to be walking on the ceiling of the Lido (not to be confused with the photographer) night club.

Dancers of Today. A new series in which the first two volumes, edited by Hugh Fisher, are on Margot Fonteyn and Moira Shearer (A. & C. Black, 6*s.* each).

THERE seems to be no end to the picture books on dancers, but these two are different in that they show the two ballerinas concerned against the background of the ballets they have made famous. Therefore the books make a useful supplement to the biographical photo albums devoted to the ballerinas of the Sadler's Wells companies.

Dancers of the World in Colour and *Dancers of Sadler's Wells in Colour*, both by Gordon Anthony (Phoenix House, 4*s.* 6*d.* each).

THESE inexpensive little books contain exactly what they say they do (some of the photographs are reproduced in the centre colour supplement of this issue). As with all colour photographs, some are of a much better quality than others, but the ones that have been successful make this a colourful addition to dance literature.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Masquerade at the Wells by Lorna Hill (Evans Bros., 9*s.* 6*d.*) is another book for girls about a girl who gate-crashes the sacred portals of Sadler's Wells.

Ballet for boys and girls by Hugh Fisher (English Universities Press, 7*s.* 6*d.*) contains some sound advice: ". . . do not think you know all about ballet after you have read this book." Wise words which could be appended to many a more adult volume. Boys and girls, however, should find most of what they will want to know in order to appreciate performances in the theatre. The author puts things clearly without talking-down to his readers. **Peter Williams**

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NEW RECORDS

Three Diaghilev ballets

The Three-Cornered Hat (Falla). Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (Ansermet). Decca LP.LXT 2716, 1 12-in., 39*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is the first recording of the complete score of the *Three-Cornered Hat*, and so well has it been done that it should remain the standard version for a long time.

Contrary to general belief, the music was not specially written for ballet, but for a pantomime called *The Magistrate and the Miller's Wife*, first given in Madrid in 1917. Falla later played some of the score to Diaghilev, who was enthusiastic and persuaded him to adapt it for a ballet.

Although the music is fundamentally Spanish in its atmosphere and rhythms, its outstanding feature is its colourful orchestration, typical of the group of young composers who dominated European music at the time. You only have to listen to it to realise how much it has in common with the work of Ravel, Respighi, Stravinsky and others with whom Diaghilev collaborated.

Usually when you listen to a ballet score away from the theatre there is something missing. In this case, however, the music seems to acquire a life of its own, independent of the stage action. This is largely due to the conducting of Ansermet who, incidentally, directed the first performance of the ballet at the Alhambra Theatre, London, in 1919.

Forty minutes of Spanish rhythms can become monotonous; but by skilful use of phrasing and *tempi* Ansermet has avoided this. The performance has life and variety. Just as Massine translated Spanish dancing into ballet, so Falla expressed the national music of Spain in terms of the wider European musical idiom and it is in this perspective that Ansermet attacks it.

My only criticism is that the acceleration at the end of the *farucca* is too sudden. Not only is the *tempo* too fast (even for Massine to dance) but the dance is over too quickly to be musically effective. The orchestral playing and recording are of the same fine quality as the LP *Petrouchka* and *Boutique Fantasque* from the same orchestra and conductor.

Les Biches Suite (Poulenc); *The Good-Humoured Ladies* Suite (Scarlatti-Tommasini). Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris (Désormière). Decca LP.LXT 2720, 1 12-in., 39*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is a fascinating record, but tantalising because it gives only an incomplete selection from the music of each ballet.

Except for a performance by the composer in piano arrangement of two of the numbers, the music of *Les Biches* has not previously been recorded. It is a gay, witty score full of catchy tunes spiced with acid harmonies and enlivened by jazz rhythms of the period. When the ballet was first given in 1925 some of the music was sung, but the version used here is the re-orchestration of 1939 which was used in the De Cuevas revival in London in 1949.

The music, which when first written was considered ultra-smart and just right for the erotic suggestiveness and sophistication of the choreography, has acquired over the years a period charm and the power to evoke nostalgia for the *joie-de-vivre* of the naughty twenties. In the recording, the overture and two numbers are omitted.

THE *Good-Humoured Ladies* could almost be said to be extinct as a ballet these days, a fact sadly demonstrated by attempted post-war revivals by the De Basil and De Cuevas Companies.

It was the first of Massine's *puppet* choreographies, and its grotesque mischief requires adult characterisation in every role to give point and humour to its involved situations. I saw many such performances and I think that with the passing of such works and the artists who could interpret them, something has been lost to ballet.

The music consists of orchestrations by Vincenzo Tommasini of sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti. They are very lightly scored, and so sensitively has the orchestration been carried out that all the lightness and delicacy of the 17th century originals has been retained.

The inclusion of a harpsichord continuo part adds greatly to the effect, and the performance is as enchanting and irresistible as the music. What a pity that only five numbers out of the complete ballet's 23 are given, as older versions are equally incomplete.

The excellent programme note on the record cover gives a good account of the stage action of both ballets, but in the case of *Good-Humoured Ladies*, does not tell you where each piece played comes into the ballet, something which could well have been done.

Number 1 is the scene between Constanza, Mariuccia and Felicita. Number 2 is the hilarious supper scene, while Number 3 is the unforgettably moving lament of Constanza, one of the loveliest dances ever invented. Then comes the *pas-de-deux* of Mariuccia and Leonardo, followed by the finale.

This record should be a source of great pleasure to ballet lovers with long memories or to fanatical admirers of the De Cuevas Company.

EXPECT THESE RECORDS

Les Patineurs (Meyerbeer). Sadler's Wells Orch. (Lambert). HMV 7P102, 45 rpm.

Mother Goose (Ravel), *Bolero* (Ravel): Boston Symphony Orch. (Koussevitzky). HMV ALP1003, 33⅓ rpm.

The Sleeping Beauty (Tschaikowsky) Selections. Stokowski and his Symphony Orch. HMV ALP1002, 33⅓ rpm.

Pineapple Poll (Sullivan, arr. Mackerras). Sadler's Wells Orch. (Mackerras). Columbia 33SX1001, 33⅓ rpm.

Don Juan and *Tyl Eulenspiegel* (Strauss). Philharmonia Orch. (von Karajan). Columbia 33CX1001 33⅓ rpm.

Carnaval (Schumann-Jacob). Covent Garden Orch. (Rignold). Parlophone PMD 1001. 1 10-in. LP. 26*s.* 6*d.*

La Boutique Fantasque (Rossini-Respighi). Covent Garden Orch. (Rignold). Parlophone PMD 1002. 1 10-in. LP. 26*s.* 6*d.*

Les Patineurs (Meyerbeer-Lambert). *Le Cid Ballet Music* (Massenet). L.S.O. (Irving). Decca LXT 2746. 1 12-in. LP. 39*s.* 6*d.*

Fete Polonaise (Chabrier). *Danse Slave*, *Les Deux Pigeons* (Messager). Paris Opera-Comique Orch (Blareau). Decca LX 3093. 1 10-in. LP. 29*s.* 6*d.*

Danse Sacrée et Profane (Debussy). *Introduction and Allegro* (Ravel). Chamber Music Society of Amsterdam. Decca LX 3097. 1 10-in. 29*s.* 6*d.*

Record suggestions for Christmas

Weber: *Invitation to the Waltz* (Spectre de la Rose). Philharmonia (Markevitch). H.M.V. C 4018. 1 12-in. 6*s.* 10*d.*
A very fine performance conducted, incidentally, by Nijinsky's son-in-law.

Debussy: *Prélude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune*. Philharmonia (Galliera). Columbia DX 1381. 1 12-in. 6*s.* 10*d.*
The best version.

Chausson: *Poeme* (Jardin aux Lilas). Menuhin, L.P.O. (Boult). H.M.V. DB 9759-60. 2 12-in. 19*s.* 5*d.*
A lovely performance.

Prokofieff: *Cinderella*. Covent Garden Orch. (Braithwaite). Columbia DX 1562-4. 3 12-in. £1 1*s.* 4*d.*
This suite contains the best numbers from the ballet.

Delibes: *Sylvia*. Paris Conservatoire Orch. (Desormiere). Decca AX 411-3. 3 12-in. £1 9*s.* 1½*d.* LM 4502. 1 12-in. LP. 2*s.*
The most comprehensive selection.

Strauss: *Le Beau Danube*. L.P.O. (Dorati). H.M.V. JOX 7000-2. 3 12-in. £1 1*s.* 4*d.*
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Tchaikowsky: *Swan Lake*. L.P.O. (Dorati). Columbia DX 869-72. 4 12-in. £1 8*s.* 2*d.*
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Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

—SADLER'S WELLS BALLET—

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet visited the Davis Theatre, Croydon, where it played this year for two weeks from October 6.

The fortnight was full of interest. Not only do many of the dancers appear to perform better away from their metropolitan show-case in Bow Street, but the company's directors wisely take the opportunity of a provincial tour to make a few experiments in casting. Some of these experiments are surprising.

For example, we tend to think of Pauline Clayden as a character dancer, forgetting that she has often danced Bluebird and once appeared as Odette to Avril Navarre's Odile. At Croydon she was seen as that classical jewel La Morte Amoureuse in *Don Juan*. Not fatally beautiful like Elvin, Clayden danced excellently with a clean style.

At the same performance Mary Drage appeared as the Young Wife. In this and as Prayer in *Coppelia* she possessed grace and a breadth of movement reminiscent of Grey. She should develop into a valuable soloist, as should Anya Linden, who danced Dawn in *Coppelia* and one of Florestan's sisters. Miss Linden however should learn not to wear a fixed grin and to relax a little when dancing. This overcome, her spontaneity and attack will make more effect.

Another young, though experienced dancer to watch in future is the ex-Rambert boy, Ronald Hynd. Dancing the Husband in *Don Juan* he turned a negative part into something like a positive force. He is also an asset in the *corps*.

Ideally the second, or eighteenth, cast of a ballet should receive as much rehearsal in it as the original creators. Not all the newcomers appeared as well-rehearsed in their roles as one would have wished. Peter Clegg's performance of Bluebird (he had danced it once before at the Garden) was a strange mixture of good and bad dancing and was possibly a victim of under-rehearsal.

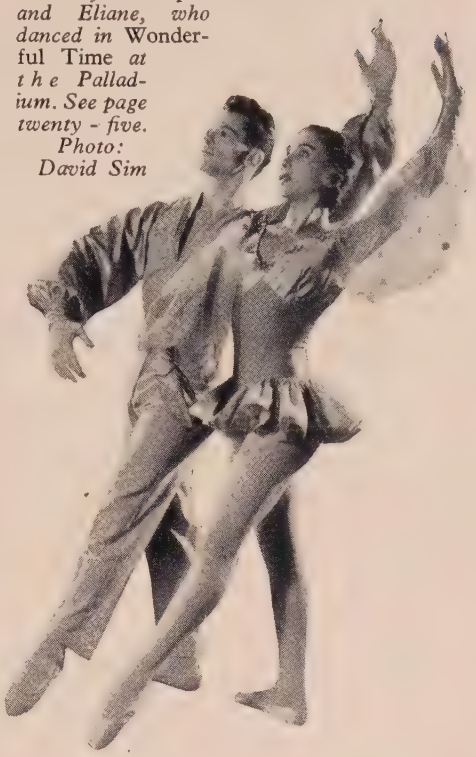
Even Beriosova looked a little unsure of what precisely was expected of the Second Ballerina in *Ballet Imperial*. However, in the last movement she was serene and glowing and this is obviously going to become a notable interpretation. The company were giving the work better than last season.

The Nordic beauty of Gerd Larsen hardly suggests Spain. It was therefore the more to her credit that she made a convincing Miller's Wife in *The Three-Cornered Hat*. She was assisted by Gilbert Vernon and Franklin White, who have both improved upon their earlier portrayals of the Miller and Corregidor.

And a word for Ray Powell's Dr. Coppelius, a delightful study, rather like an amalgum of all the more endearing qualities found in Disney's Seven Dwarfs.

Finally, a heavy brickbat to those responsible for the staging of *A Divertissement from The Sleeping Beauty*. Rarely have I seen such tenth-rate showmanship as this poor relation to *Aurora's Wedding*, performed as a suite of unconnected dances in front of black curtains, indifferently lit and tamely ending with the Three Ivans. Not even the artistry of Fonteyn, Elvin or Grey (all of whom were dancing wonderfully throughout the season) could prevent this presentation from being a disgrace to the Sadler's Wells classical tradition.

Clive Barnes



Teddy Rodolphe and Eliane, who danced in Wonderful Time *at the Palladium. See page twenty-five. Photo: David Sim*

ON October 16, by arrangement between the education authorities and the Davis Theatre, Croydon, nearly 3,500 children saw a matinee of *Coppelia*. They made an ideal audience, quieter than an adult one and far more discriminating.

They saw Margaret Dale as an extremely competent, if not terribly exciting, Swanilda; Brian Shaw dancing Franz for the first time with great style; Franklin White as a most benevolent Dr. Coppelius (also for the first time).

Such matinees are to be encouraged as they help to form a more knowledgeable audience for the future.

P.W.

—THE INTERNATIONAL FACULTY OF ARTS

WHAT, one wonders, could Sir Philip Sassoon's beautiful house in Park Lane have thought of the performances of ballet organised by the International Faculty of Arts on October 19?

The house, which at one time knew some of the most brilliant gatherings of this century, must have been hurt by the strawberry ice-cream walls of the little theatre it now houses. It is hard to know exactly what purpose was served by the mixture of character dances and *pas de deux* which made up the programme. However, any stage which gives artists a chance to display their creative ability is always welcome.

Russian, Hungarian and Scottish dances were given by Beryl and Dawn Nimr. In the Czardas, Beryl Nimr danced the boy's rôle, which immediately made the dance completely pointless. A collection of Spanish dances by the pupils of Lalagia revealed some competent castanet playing and a charming classical Spanish dance—*Ole da la Curra*—beautifully given by Cherry Clark, who might have stepped out of an old lithograph.

Two peasants met by moonlight in a rather agonised way to the accompaniment of percussion in Sigurd Leeder's *Nocturne*. A modern work well danced, particularly by Ludmila Mlada.

To Bela Bartok's Mikrokosmos music, Keith Lester arranged three dance studies for himself and Rachel Cameron. The last *pas de deux* was very well arranged, but both the dances and the performers seemed to suffer from the confined space.

The nearest approach to an actual ballet was Dorothy Stevenson's *Lyric and Fugue* to Brahms' variations on a theme of Handel. The work, though near-abstract, had an underlying plot. Much of the grouping was interesting and original, but as so frequently happens in works arranged to a number of variations, the interest was not always sustained. Five dancers were led by Domini Callaghan, so obviously professional and showing such a fine sense of line that she made the rest look rather like amateurs.

The performance was not helped by a piano which badly needed tuning (at the evening performance a note or two came loose)

Peter Williams

Mona Inglesby and Ernest Hewitt in the last act grand pas de deux *from International Ballet's* Coppelia. *Photo: Fred Daniels*

Denys Palmer and Errol Addison in the Prologue of International Ballet's Sleeping Princess. *Photo: Jas. D. O'Callaghan*

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NEVER A WORD

THIS first all-mime revue opened at the Fortune Theatre on October 23. The artists, directed by Jean Burns, were full of enthusiasm. They played a game of dumb crambo no doubt understood by them; but most of the audience were completely in the dark as to what the numbers meant. Incomprehensible is what mime should never be.

Even when a glimmer of meaning penetrated the dim intellect of the observer, the number went on too long. One artist, Ivy Ming Yu, emerged from it all. Whether as a lady with a cold or as a domineering Girl Guide captain, her every gesture was telling. Many of the numbers obviously had a good idea behind them, but meaning was lost in their length.

THE PALLADIUM

THE autumn revue, *Wonderful Time*, had some good dancing in it whatever else it may have lacked. Teddy Rodolphe, whom we shall always remember as the acrobat in *Les Forbains* with the Champs-Elysées Ballet, has developed a very good *adagio* act with his partner, Eliane. The acrobatics have been mixed with ballet technique. The two artists tumble and glide with a grace unusual in acts of this kind.

A Spanish dancer, Vadja del Oro, had breathtaking beauty but unfortunately not a great deal else. Her castanets lacked nuance, though they were slickly played. Her *palmas* (hand-claps) were sloppy, her *zapateado* was not crisp. Anyone looking so beautiful need not, perhaps, bother over much about these things.

Jo, Jac and Joni were billed as Three Goofy Guys. Together they made one of the best comedy acts England has produced for a long time. In black tights, bowler hats and tail coats they danced and mimed brilliantly. They were a mixture of Ray Bolger and Grock. To watch them having tea out of a double bass was a spectacle I shall remember after the elaborate acts of other clowns and the solemn meanderings of many a ballet have long been forgotten.

Peter Williams

TELEVISION

BALLET for Beginners began its new series on October 20 with the first of two programmes devoted to the work of Michel Fokine and the birth of the modern ballet. In this programme, Felicity Gray, its producer, exemplified Fokine's reaction to the meaningless academism of the Imperial Ballet and his endeavour to introduce appropriate movement, decor and costume for the subject matter in hand.

Examples from Fokine's ballets were drawn from *Scheherezade*, *Les Sylphides* and *Le Carnaval*. One of the outstanding features of the Ballet for Beginners programmes has been the care taken in properly reproducing the old ballets. For this programme, the help of Madame Lydia Sokolova restored a wealth of forgotten nuance to the ballets concerned.

Le Carnaval was steeped in the nostalgic atmosphere of empty ease of the Victorian era; *Les Sylphides* emerged as the quintessence of all the Sylphides of all time.

Domini Callaghan must be considered as one of the foremost interpreters of the Romantic ballet on television.

The dancing throughout this programme was of the highest standard, except for that of the unfortunate little girl who was called on to dance the Rose Adagio from the *Sleeping Princess*, a task onerous enough for the most experienced of ballerinas. Domini Callaghan and Michel de Lutry were an excellent Columbine and Harlequin, while Travis Kemp has the requisite number of years behind him to do justice to the foppish old Pantalon. Margherita Tate's flighty Papillon epitomised those butterfly-brained young ladies who exist at all times. Hazel Wiscombe and Don Gillies made a poetic Chiarina and Eusebius.

Geoffrey Solomons

Sonya Hana and Michael Charnley in Jamaican Legend. *This excellent short work by Michael Charnley was given at the Players' Theatre.* *Photo: Roy Round*

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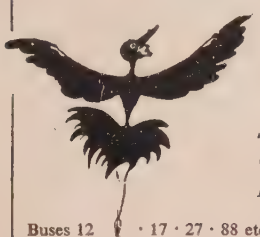

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Dance and Dancers . . IN AMERICA

We are pleased to welcome ARTHUR TODD, the well-known authority on ballet in America, as a regular contributor to *Dance and Dancers*. His monthly articles, of which this is the first, will cover the whole dance scene in the United States.

BALLET THEATRE

BALLET Theatre's three-week autumn engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was its 14th season, was the most successful season of any domestic company in American ballet annals. This was true in terms of critical acclaim, public plaudits and box office receipts, the last being 50 per cent. more than last season. Moreover, the New York run was an unqualified triumph for guest star Alicia Markova, who made a most welcome reappearance.

It is well known by now that Alicia Markova has always had a large, loyal and devoted public in the United States. Likewise, her portrayal of *Giselle* has already established her, at least with American audiences, as the Giselle of our generation. Her first performance of the role this season, after only two days' rehearsal with Youskevitch, won her a personal ovation.

As many of us recall, Markova was never a superlative technician. Rather, her greatest effects have been made by her lyricism, sensitivity and eloquence. Now, however, she has enriched her role to the point that her portrayal emerges as one of the supreme performances of classic ballet in our time. Her mime scenes are shorn of all irrelevance and her actual dancing is lighter than ever so that in parts of the second act she actually appears to be airborne. She has admirable support from Youskevitch, who makes a stunning Albrecht, technically magnificent and exhibiting a dramatic power that has previously not always been so apparent.

Paula Lloyd is the new Myrtha and, though she has not yet discovered all the facets of the role, she has made a most commendable start.

Markova's one-act *Swan Lake*, *Les Sylphides* and *pas de deux* from *The Nutcracker* are also notable for her romantic style that is so evocative of 19th century ballet. Her arms are at all times exquisite, her wrists and hands miraculous and her dancing is feather-light and soundless, further giving everything she performs an ethereal, other world quality.

The sharp contrast between Alicia Markova and Alicia Alonso has served to further point the great drama and warmth of Alonso's style. Certainly Alonso held her own this season, with audiences at the Met roaring their approval of her.

Of course, Alonso is magnificent in physical action and her conception of *Giselle* is dramatic and full of Latin fire and spirit. And much the same holds true of this virtuoso in *Swan Lake* and Balanchine's *Theme and Variations:* On the other hand, Alonso has also made marked progress in further developing the fine points of such disparate roles as those in *Fall River Legend* and *Cirque de Espana*. No other American ballerina, as a matter of fact, can match Alonso's range of versatility.

BALLET Theatre's season also boasted two world premieres—Agnes de Mille's *The Harvest According* and Edward Caton's *Tryptich*; also a new production of *Graduation Ball*.

Tryptich was a minor work, one of the first results of the workshop that has been set up within the framework of the Ballet Theatre organisation. Certainly, one hopes, it is not to be regarded as indicative of other works that may be expected. Faring considerably better was the sparkling re-staging of *Graduation Ball*, performed with zest by guest stars David Lichine and Tatiana Riabouchinska, with Edward Caton making a great hit as the Headmistress of the school.

New work from Agnes de Mille

AGNES DE MILLE's *The Harvest* is, unquestionably, the major new work of the season. Her title is derived from the lines of Walt Whitman: "Life, life is the tillage, And death is the harvest according."

Conceived in a semi-abstract style, the work is in three sections subtitled Birth, Games and Harvest. The first section in this cycle of life ballet has a round dance as the integral design, with Gemze De Lappe in the role of The Mother. The second scene, and the only joyous one of the lot, centres upon a celebration of youthfulness and fun. Though most musical comedy-like in substance, this middle section is also the most inventive as far as choreography is concerned. One especially amusing part has six boys standing on their heads executing *entrechats*.

Elsewhere there are some unusual lifts and brilliant counterpoint that reminded some of us of Miss de Mille's choreography for the musical *Allegro* of a few seasons ago. The third scene, Harvest, is quite frankly based on de Mille's *When the Boys Come Home*, the Civil War ballet in *Bloomer Girl*, 1945. In this last scene the young and gifted Gemze De Lappe has the dominant role of the woman whose soldier does not return.

Those of us who have always maintained that de Mille's original Civil War ballet was her most profound theatre work, feel, somehow, that this work stood more strongly alone than it does in its present annexation. Perhaps this is because the more jovial middle scene seems to throw the more serious opening and closing scenes out of focus.

On the whole, critical opinion has been divided on this new work, but there is, nevertheless, much in it to be admired. Certainly Lemuel Ayres' trio of backcloths are magnificent and much in the mood of the ballet, as are his lovely costumes.

Fine, also, is the score by Virgil Thomson, which, incidentally, was assembled by Miss de Mille from some of the composer's earlier works.

SPACE limitation prevents dwelling at length on much else save the general excellence of the season as a whole. John Kriza and Mary Ellen Moylan have, by now, come into complete domination of their central roles in *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit* and give extremely exciting performances. Kelly Brown and Jenny Workman are making strong progress. So are Lillian Lanese and Dorothy Scott. Gemze De Lappe is another decidedly important asset to the Ballet Theatre roster. The *corps* is crisp, orderly and buoyant and the conducting by Joseph Levine is a distinct improvement over Alexander Smallens' direction last season.

Ballet Theatre is the one company in America that has a broadly varied repertoire and a group of stars and soloists whose talents are richly diversified. It is small wonder then that this has been the most successful New York season in Ballet Theatre's history. At present, they are on their most ambitious American tour to date, one which will take them to more than a hundred cities. Then they will return for a gala spring season at the Met before their projected European tour during the summer of 1953.

Other American news

THE New York City Ballet opened a six week season at the New York City Center with two new major works by George Balanchine—*Metamorphoses*, to music by Paul Hindemith, and *Scotch Symphony*, with music by Mendelssohn.

Lincoln Kirstein has been elected to the post of managing director of the New York City Center of Music and Drama, and Lew Christiansen, director of the San Francisco Ballet, has been appointed administrative director under George Balanchine, the artistic director. Planned for the winter season of 1953 are ballets by Agnes de Mille, Ruth Page, Jerome Robbins and Todd Bolender.

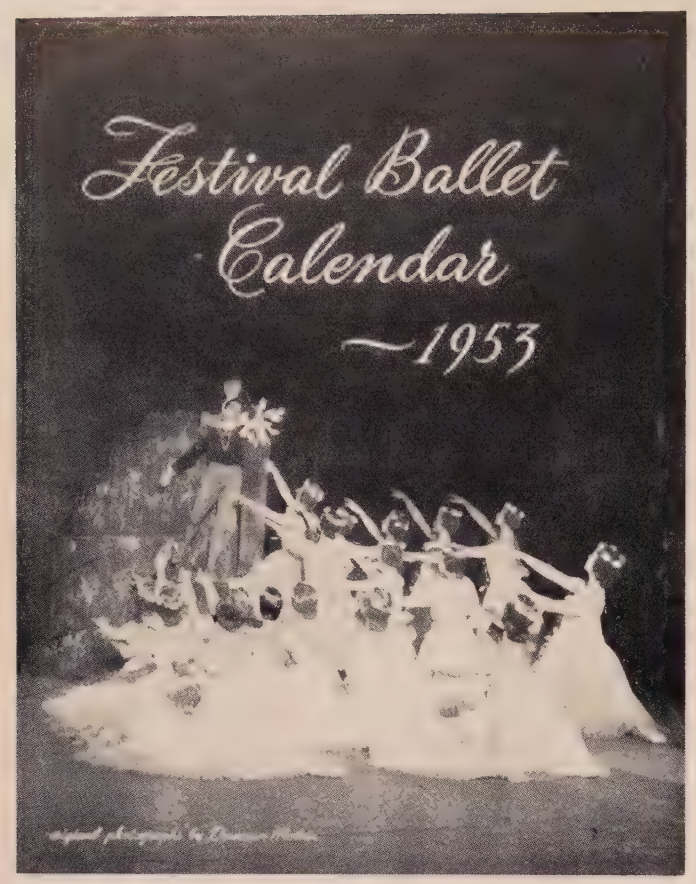
THE newly formed Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo Concert Company, a troupe of 6 dancers, with two pianists, is playing a nine-week tour this autumn, with 11 more weeks to follow during the winter. Moscelyn Larkin, Anna Istomina and Roman Jasinsky head the troupe, which will visit smaller towns.

ZACHARY SOLOV, choreographer for the Metropolitan Opera Company, staged a new ballet, called *Mlle. Fifi*, for Alexandra Danilova, who is appearing as guest artist during the autumn tour of the Slavenska-Franklin Ballet.

Jenny Workman and Kelly Brown in Agnes de Mille's The Harvest According

Gemze de Lappe in the dual rôle of The Mother and The Woman in The Harvest According.

Photographed by Serge Le Blang



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Dance and Dancers . . ABROAD

Sonia Arova, on arrival in Tokio, with Masahide Komaki.

JAPAN

CLASSICAL ballet was first introduced to Japanese audiences just after the last war. That is, of course, excepting the visit paid by the revered Anna Pavlova with her company in the early twenties.

The audiences did not immediately take to what, to them, was new form of dancing. It was not until the release in Japan of the British film *The Red Shoes* that ballet became really popular. The public immediately requested stage presentations and the various ballet schools and groups formed companies of various standards to satisfy the demand.

Five ballet companies, now more or less permanent, tour the principal centres of Japan with short seasons in Tokyo and Osaka. One of the foremost of these companies is the one founded by Masahide Komaki, who has six ballet schools in different centres in Japan and over 1,000 pupils.

After the first flush of success competition became great and so Komaki decided to adopt the policy of having guest artists. A wise move, as it not only provides him with a booking name but also assists him in getting to know whether he is progressing on the right lines. He sent a representative to my office in London and I arranged for Sonia Arova to be the first guest ballerina ever to dance with a Japanese ballet company.

Sleeping Beauty was selected as the vehicle for her introduction to Japan. Arova has been of immeasurable assistance to Komaki as not only does she dance the leading role but she has also acted as regisseur for the ballet. Komaki was the first to admit and appreciate this.

Considering dancers have had only, at the most, six years training, I marvel at the standard they have attained. Behind all this, I suspect, is the inherent will to succeed which has been the driving force behind everything in the Japanese make-up. For training the Cecchetti system is mostly used in the schools. They go at it rather more quickly than we do and harder.

A class of an hour without stop is usual and then straight to rehearsals without a break. I have seen the Komaki company commence class and rehearsing at half past nine in the morning and finish about eight in the evening without seemingly a break even for food.

The lower part of the body of the Japanese is different to ours. They have shorter legs. The dressing rooms have the tables about nine inches from the ground and the artists kneel down to make-up. I have a great admiration for Japanese dancers. Through sheer hard work they have been in some measure able to overcome this physical defect (or what to us is a defect) and through hard work in class have made their legs appear longer than they really are in relation to the trunk.

We should be proud that the Japanese have turned to England for sending to them their first guest artist. Apart from a short concert series of recitals in Tokyo by the Lifar quartette (Lifar, Darsonval, Kalioujny and Daydé) Japan had not, up to the time of the arrival of Sonia Arova, seen any ballet performed by dancers from beyond their shores.

John Keet

Milorad Miskovitch in Orfeo, *with Les Ballets Janine Charrat. Photo: Serge Lido*

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

On page two of this issue we give details of an arrangement by which new postal subscribers to DANCE AND DANCERS will receive a free calendar for 1953. We suggest the combined calendar and subscription offers an appropriate and convenient Christmas or New Year gift for ballet friends at home or overseas. We post a copy of the December number and a calendar with a Christmas card to arrive on Christmas morning. Send 20/- for one year or 10/- for six months' copies and your message for the Christmas card to us at 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London S.W.1. In addition, those readers not already regular subscribers may care to take advantage of this offer.

Our regular and established subscribers will not, we hope, feel unjustly treated by their exclusion from receiving a free calendar. Our aim in making the offer is, of course, to increase the circulation of DANCE AND DANCERS, but not for our own sake only. The wider the circulation, the more the contents of the journal can be developed in the service of its readers. If our already established subscribers, therefore, take advantage of our calendar/subscription offer to introduce DANCE AND DANCERS to their friends they will be doing a good turn not only to their friends and the journal but to themselves.

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28 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield, Field, Melville)
29 (M) *Sylvia* (Elvin, Field, Hart, Vernon)
Dec.
3 *Sylvia* (Nerina, Rassine, Grant)
4 *Les Patineurs, Apparitions, Ballet Imperial*
6 (M) *Les Sylphides, Symphonic Variations, Three Cornered Hat*
8 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes, Grant)
9 *Les Sylphides, Don Juan, Apparitions, Ballet Imperial*
10 *Les Sylphides, Apparitions, Job*
13 (M) *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield, Grant)
18 *Lac des Cygnes.* Gala performance in aid of The Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund. Entirely revised production with new decors by Leslie Hurry.
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27 (E) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
29 *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
30 *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
31 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
31 (E) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
Jan.
1 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
1 (E) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
2 *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
3 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
3 (E) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
5 *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
6 *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
7 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
7 (E) *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
8 (M) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
8 (E) *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
9 *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
10 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
10 (E) *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*

Nov. INTERNATIONAL BALLET
24 Embassy, Peterborough
Dec.
1 Chiswick Empire
8 Wood Green Empire

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET
Dec. at the Sadler's Wells Theatre
10 *Pastorale, The Rake's Progress* (guest artist, Walter Gore), *Carnaval*
13 *Coppelia* (Miller, Britton, Holden)
There will be ballet on the following dates: December 17, 20 (M), 26 (M), 27 (M), 29, 31 (M), January 3 (M), 6, 7 (M), 10 (M).

Nov. BALLET RAMBERT
24 Playhouse, Kidderminster
Dec.
1 Lyric, Hammersmith (two weeks)
15 Richmond Theatre, Richmond

TERESA AND LUISILLO COMPANY OF SPANISH DANCERS
Nov.
24 The Garrick, Southport
Dec.
1 The Palace, Manchester
8 Theatre Royal, Birmingham

BALLET WORKSHOP
at the Mercury Theatre
December 7, 14, 21

CARAVANA ESPANOLA
London Casino until December 6

RAM GOPAL INDIAN BALLET
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Nov.
24 King's Theatre, Hammersmith (For three weeks)

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; ls.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested)

ROBERT F. CAHILL, Lynchburg State Colony, Colony, Virginia, U.S.A., wants b.c. m. any age, anywhere, m.a. 28, o.i. reading, music, theatre, sports, writing, all answered.

NIALL A. R. SHARP, 1 St. Mary's Terrace, Athlone, Ireland, wants b.c. m. over 20, anywhere, m.a. 22, o.i. theatre, music, films, p.r.

PATRICIA FARRELL, 267 Galliard Road, Edmonton, N.9, wants b c. m. or f. age 15 to 17, in U.S.A., France, Denmark or England, m.a. 15, o.i. opera, tennis, swimming, films, books, p.r.

JACK ANDREWS, 88 Belmont Road, South Norwood, London, S.E.25, wants b.c. any age anywhere, m.a. 23, s.i. records, o.i. tennis, music, photography, p.r.

SHEILA CURTIS, 9 Vernon Road, Roman Road, Bow, E.3, wants b.c.m. or f. 15-22 anywhere preferably Sark or other of Channel Islands, m.a. 15, o.i. stamps, classical music, swimming, p.r.

S/SGT. A. E. HOGES, H.Q. Sq., 2nd Bomb Wing, R.A.F. Station, Oxford (or 4107 Lincoln Terrace, Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A.), wants b.c. m. or f., age 20-30, London. m.a., 24. o.i., music, theatre. p.r.

The name, address and details of any reader of Dance and Dancers *will be printed in this column free of charge. Follow the style of above announcements and send to us, marking envelope—Ballet Correspondents.*

Watch for this photograph on next month's cover of MARGOT FONTEYN and MICHAEL SOMES. GALINA ULANOVA will be on the back cover. The January *Dance and Dancers* will be on sale on December 31. In this issue will be a further instalment of Agnes de Mille's *Dance to the Piper*—Ballet in America and the premiere of *Rodeo;* ANTON DOLIN on La Scala, Milan; new ballets from Ballet Legat, The New Ballet Company and Ballet Workshop; Peter Williams on MICHAEL SOMES; all the usual features and 40 new photographs.

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